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JULY 30, 1955

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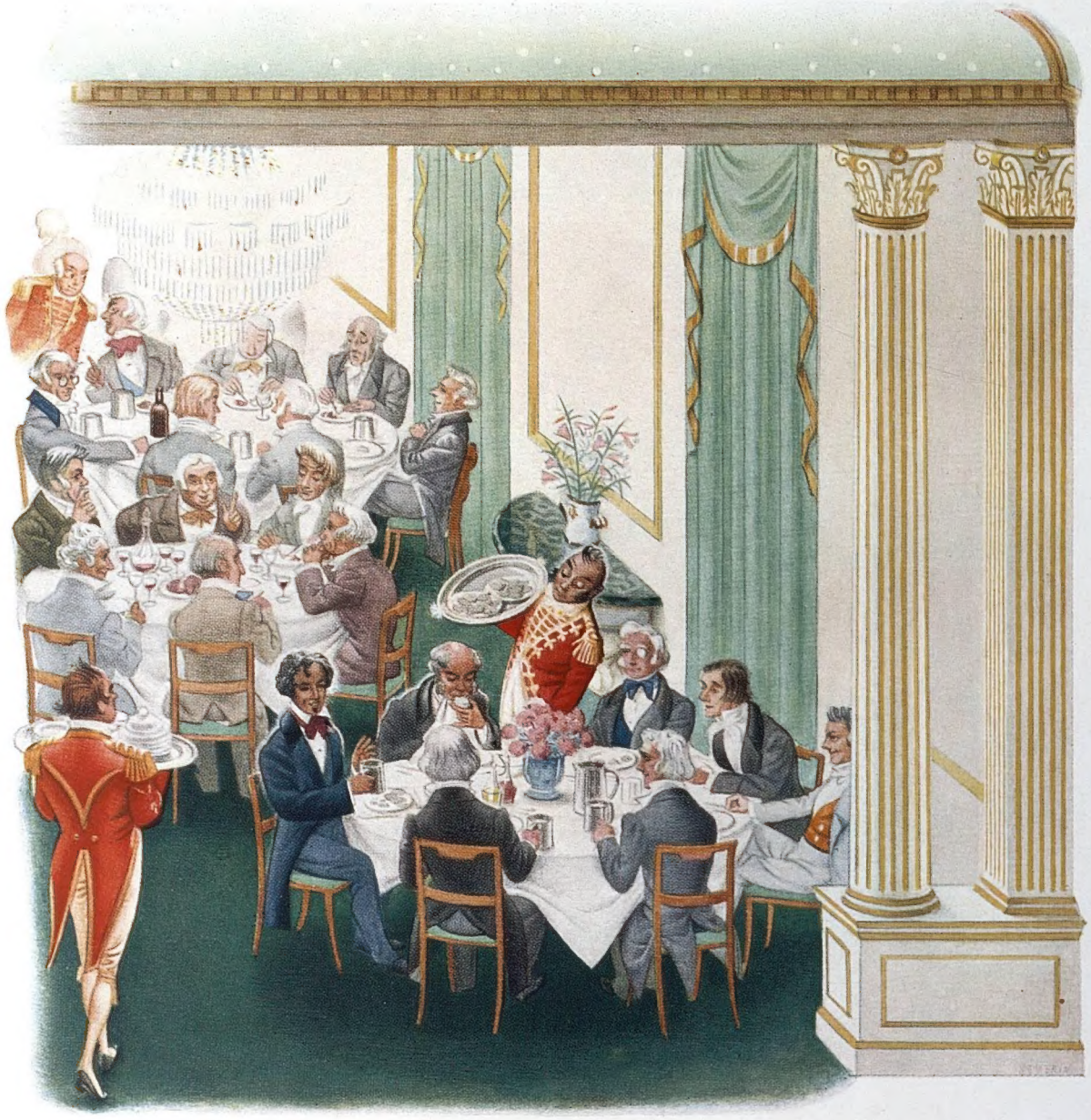
Dizzy's remarkable day



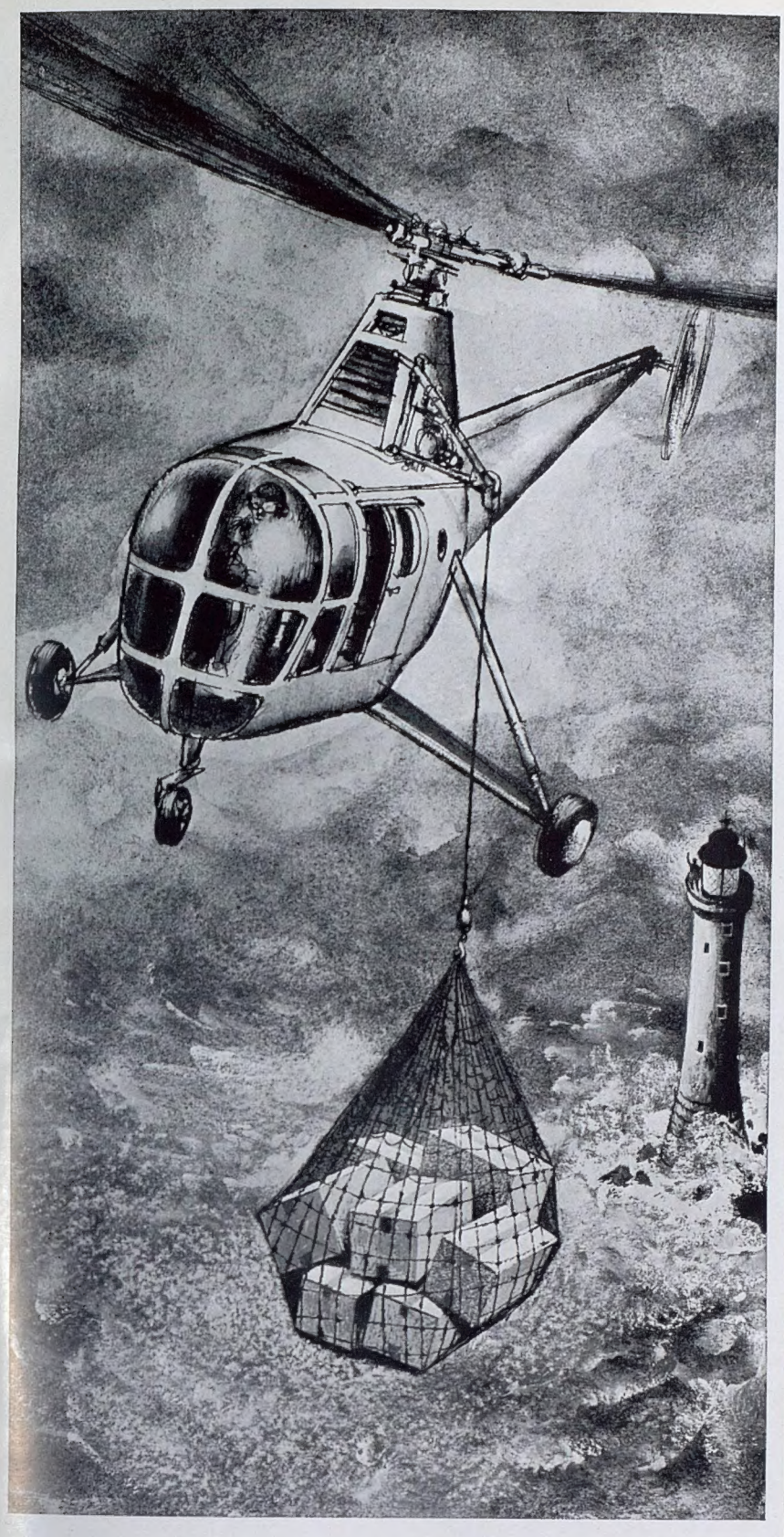
"SO, AFTER ALL, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837).

A liking for Guinness is a homely touch in Disraeli's rather flamboyant personality. It shows that Guinness was at home, then, as now, in every level of society—forming a link between the "Two Nations" of which the statesman-novelist wrote in "Sybil". Disraeli's Guinness might have come in a stoneware bottle like the example illustrated. This was certainly made before 1850, at which date the makers, Stephen Green of Lambeth, ceased to operate under that name. Guinness in a glass bottle is as good today as it was when our great-grandfathers enjoyed it.

A copy of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London. N.W.10

G.E.2440



South cones are being hoisted

Gales are imminent in sea areas Fastnet, Lundy, Plymouth. These few words tell of impending drama on the high seas. The landsman may give it a passing thought. But somewhere a helicopter is taking off with packaged stores for some storm-bound lighthouse. In the winter gloom of a rising gale the stores arrive safely. And as the helicopter turns away, the first case is opened, revealing precious supplies undamaged by rough handling or wild weather, thanks to modern packaging.

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Volume CCXXII No. 2894

The SPHERE, London, July 30, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

RETURN FROM THE SUMMIT—SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND LADY EDEN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER THE GENEVA TALKS : The Prime Minister waves cheerfully as he leaves the Viscount airliner which had brought him back from Geneva, where for the past week he had been engaged in top-level talks with the Heads of Government of the United States, France and the Soviet Union. Sir Anthony said that he felt more confident now about the international scene.

The conference of Heads of Government at Geneva ended on Saturday in the same atmosphere in which it began—one of quiet confidence mingled with caution. After a week of talks the principals were able to say that the way had been opened for more effective diplomatic activity. President Eisenhower, whose personal success was generally accounted to have been the greatest, said that as the result of the talks the dangers of war are less. He put it no higher. Marshal Bulganin and M. Faure both emphasised the usefulness of the talks in improving diplomatic relations, and Sir Anthony Eden said that there was now a chance to go ahead with work on practical proposals to solve differences between East and West. Though the principals were necessarily cautious in their pronouncements, they made no bones about the thorny topics their Foreign Ministers had to discuss. These included a security pact for Europe, the settlement of the German question, and general disarmament. (Pictures of the principals at Geneva away from the conference table appear on pp. 152-53.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

IN LONDON LAST WEEK

A PARTY IN A BLITZED THEATRE : Gloria Swanson and the Countess of Harewood look up at the burnt-out circle of the Kingsway Theatre in Great Queen Street, which is to be re-built at a cost of £50,000. The newly-formed English Stage Company gave a party last week in the badly-damaged theatre to celebrate the Kingsway's return to theatrical London. Their policy will be to present a repertory of contemporary drama—English, whenever possible, and to take good home-products on tour in the provinces and abroad. Other plans include seasons for young theatre-goers and visits to Festivals of the Arts. It is hoped that reconstruction will be complete by January 1956.

PAINTING ON NEWSPRINT : The Commissioner in London for Malaya and Singapore, Enche Othman Bin Mohamed, tries his hand at painting on newsprint. He is being watched by his wife and Mr. Ho Kok Hoe, the artist and architect, who is an expert in this style of painting. The Commissioner had just opened an exhibition of paintings by Singapore artists at the Imperial Institute, in South Kensington. It is organised by the Singapore Art Society, of which the president is Mr. Ho Kok Hoe. There are about 100 exhibits in all manner of Oriental and Occidental styles. The Duchess of Kent saw the exhibition on the first day. It remains open until August 21.

A SHEIKH AT SCOTLAND YARD : Sheikh Sabah al Salim al Sabah, of Kuwait (centre), looks through a magnifier at a car location chart in the information room at Scotland Yard. On the left is his son, Sheikh Salim Al Sabah. Sheikh Sabah al Salim al Sabah, half-brother of the ruler of the small State of Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, is head of his country's police force. The purpose of his visit to England is to study latest police methods and organisation.

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Too Good to be True?—The eve of the Geneva Conference seemed, like the July weather, to be too good to be true. Marshal Bulganin's address at a Kremlin Press Conference—a unique event—might have been delivered by Sir Anthony. Not a word to acerbate, many a phrase calculated to conciliate : "Some people think that Capitalism is better than Socialism. This argument cannot be settled by force." "Let everyone prove in peaceful economic competition that he is right." (The Marshal did not even say "which is right.") "Even a bad peace is better than a good quarrel. If we exert all our efforts and achieve not a bad but a good peace, millions of people in all countries will draw a sigh of relief. For this purpose we Russians go to Geneva." Reading these words we, who long for peace though we have too often been disappointed, might almost have thrown up our hats and cried : "The miracle has come." And, indeed, the miracle still seems a little nearer, if only no Western delegate suggests a cynical reason for Bulganin's conciliation, no delegate on either side forgets what he said on the eve of the meeting, and if the weather at Geneva is not too hot for men to keep cool in mind as well as in body. The first day's reports indicated a desire on all sides to avoid snags and to keep the better spirit undiluted. But on the second day the big snag showed through and the unification of Germany produced the sharp division the Jeremiahs expected. The German problem remained unsolved at the end. But this does not prove the case for the Jeremiahs. Behind the final formal directive from Geneva lies the friendly spirit in which the four nations met and "agreed to differ." Perhaps the largest measure of credit for this goes to President Eisenhower, for whom Geneva was a great personal triumph.

A Squib in the Lords.—The Select Committee examining the powers of the Upper House in regard to non-attendance seems to be producing rather embarrassing facts, for an investigation designed merely to clarify such powers. It seems (*pace* Mr. Squibb, an expert) that the persistent absentee is "in disregard of Her Majesty and in contempt of the House," and the Peers, having the power to punish for contempt, have been dilatory in not exercising its power. It is the very last thing they wish to do. If fear of "incarceration in the Tower" or a heavy fine were to extract 600 backwoodsmen from the Wilderness and bring them to duty, the Upper House would be choked and the business, to-day adequately performed by 100, would become a laughing-stock. For years these writs of attendance addressed to peers have been sent not to their residences, but to their rooms in the House, and these writs, of course, have piled up for lack of collection. They are sent out to all noble lords, even those certified as insane or in mental homes. What a party may collect one afternoon next Session for a big debate ! Why didn't Lord Salisbury remember Melbourne's advice and "leave it alone" ?

Theme for the Dog-days.—Coal is not a natural choice as a subject for debate in the dog-days, but, it seems, modern coal can raise the temperature even higher. Mr. Horner has already done his bit to make things cosy. His miners will defend nationalisation, miners' conditions and full employment even to the extent of a national stoppage, "and this is no idle threat." No doubt, but it *is* putting up Aunt Sallies for the fun of knocking them down, perhaps. I have heard no threats against coal nationalisation, or cheeseparing on miners' conditions, or even against full employment. The cry on all sides is for full employment in the pits and more results. But will the whole truth about coal ever come out ? Not certainly in the dog-days, not at a time when men's necks swell up under their tightening collars. And if I had an enemy in the world whom I wished to condemn to torture and misery, I think I should condemn him to hold in perpetuity the office of Minister of Fuel or Chairman of the National Coal Board. But I hate no man enough to wish to send him to such galleys. And "only the other day" this island was built on black diamonds and drew its wealth and power from its own full cellars guaranteed to last for two centuries to come ! The truth about coal lies below our lowest seams.

The Spiral.—The Central Electricity Authority has swiftly taken note of the severe increase in coal prices. It has reluctantly concluded that in a period of continually rising costs of coal, wages, transport, freights and all things used by the industry, its surpluses after the year's workings have been too modest for safety, its price increase of only 30 per cent. over pre-war too small. A stiff tariff increase is to be asked for. So also with gas. The South-Eastern Gas Board must now increase gas by 2d. a therm, and to keep the increase as low as that, the paltry price asked for coke must be greatly stiffened. Mine costs me to-day only £7 odd a ton. And so we whirl upward merrily. The great unions, the big industries, nationalised or not, spend some of the dog-days at their conferences, and sometimes pass by big majorities resolutions urging on the Government the now vital need of pegging or reducing the cost of living. And sometimes the simple householder wonders whether these resolutions reveal a lack of sense of humour, or perhaps too much sense of humour on a subject so serious. I shall confidently expect an early demand for another rise in the agricultural wage. The farm labourer often gets off lightly with his rent, but he will feel the sharp increases in coal and electricity or gas.

The Lightning Flash.—The general impression has undoubtedly been created that lightning is more dangerous than it was, and no doubt the scientists will be called in to pooh-pooh our fears. Perhaps the man-in-the-street does not go so far as to charge this increase in danger from lightning to nuclear activities, but he tells his neighbour that this small island is now a network of wire carrying electricity for lighting and power to all parts, and that nowadays the electricity from the clouds can strike where it pleases, and no place is safe. Our nurses told us that it was dangerous to shelter under a tree, but often enough a flock of sheep are struck on an open down. And so on. The scientists will assure us that our electric network adds nothing to the danger from lightning. My contribution to the general comfort is literary rather than scientific. I seem to remember (*Cymbeline*) that in Shakespeare's day the lightning flash was bracketed with slander among the terrors of humanity, and I am not sure that of the two to-day slander may not still be the more dangerous. I note, too, that in our day the weather has more publicity than it had in Shakespeare's, and its every manifestation in strength must be chalked up as a "record." "Hottest day for twenty-seven years," "Worst flood ever," "Longest drought since '87," and so on. It may be that the headlines, rather than the flashes, are giving us the impression that lightning is growing nastier and more dangerous. The same may be the case with cricket. In the pavilion at Lord's during the Gentlemen *v.* Players (*Hamlet* lacking seven Princes of Denmark) the old stagers were unanimous in declaring that these modern cricketers "ought to play with a tennis ball, what ? "

DEATH OF MR. CORDELL HULL

UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE FROM 1933 TO 1944 : This picture of Mr. Cordell Hull, who died last week at the age of eighty-four, was taken a year ago. Although during the war he often played "second string" to President Roosevelt, it was the latter who, after Hull's retirement, called him "the father of the United Nations."

A Magic Month.—This magic July must not pass without a tribute, especially from those old men who "remembered the long and continuous summer days in their youth" and were laughed out of court by their grandchildren as tellers of tales. Now we are reinstated. It really happened, for it has happened again. Angela Thirkell has pulled no fast ones on her devoted readers. Those mild, slow-moving comedies of hers, staged in her borrowed Barsetshire, depend largely on non-stop summer days. Now we know that she didn't invent an English summer. What is, was. She draws on her memories and confirms mine. "Two fine days and a thunder-storm," said the cynical Frog, describing an English

summer. Thunderstorms, yes, and very nasty ones, but more and more hot and cloudless days to follow. I *knew* I was right. We *did* enjoy such magic months in our youth. I was no mere sundial, recording only the rare sunny hours. I recorded weeks of them on end. And this July has proved what our summer was and is capable of. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.* How else could we have stored up such golden memories of country house cricket weeks when day after day we played cricket, and afterwards bathed and punted under the stars, knowing we should wake to another cloudless day? Gaffer is no liar. "It all took place exactly as we said." And now, if it rains ink till December, we 've had our taste of summer.

Hampshire Pictures. — The exhibition of pictures from Hampshire country houses is closing now. It was, as regards artistic and historical interest and setting, about as charming and successful a show as I have seen. It was heaven in those hot July days to walk beside those limpid chalk streams through the arch into the shady grounds of the college, dodge the late cuts of the boys at cricket and admire the varied exhibits on loan, not least the Dutchmen from the Northbrook collection and a wide range of great interest from Stratfieldsaye. Blanchet's two portraits of the Stuart princes, Charles Edward and Henry, painted in 1738, are of peculiar interest, as is the better-known and perennially exciting Tilborch (The Tichborne Dole). The Tichborne dole is still annually staged; and on the pleasant cricket-ground in the park, where I sometimes played, Denis Compton the other day handed out an extra handsome dole with his bat, playing for Terence Rattigan's eleven—127 runs, including five 6's. There were worse places to be in during a hot summer day than the water meadows between Winchester and Alresford, and I chose them more than once with advantage.

Safe Motoring.—The Duke of Edinburgh is by now well-trained in a difficult technique, that of pointing or summing-up with the *mot juste* the aims and objectives of scores of institutions in various fields. And he comes to the task much better informed on a variety of abstruse or difficult subjects than most Royal personages. Very often he needs no briefing behind the platform. Often, if briefed, he leaves his brief behind. His three needs for safer motoring are good roads, good cars, good drivers—as easy or as difficult as that. There was a hint in his reference to good roads—usually pointed in utterances by Royalty—that Governments might have done rather more than they have in past decades to hasten this No. 1 necessity. All three, indeed, are not to be expected this year or next year. They are a counsel of perfection. Good drivers? There are not nearly enough trained instructors to go round. Good cars. This rare summer is forcing every £50 car on to the congested and deplorable roads. But the Duke's theory or ideal is right enough.

Gulbenkian Millions.—The late Mr. Gulbenkian died, a naturalised British subject, in a Lisbon hotel where he had lived for fourteen years. He is said to have been passing rich; and although in the cases of the world's richest men an extra nought sometimes slips in unnoticed or unregarded, it is confidently said that, if his foreign domicile is accepted, our Exchequer will lose a chance of cashing in from a single estate the death-duty harvest of a normal year. So we may hear more of the Gulbenkian fortune. Alas! our courts are so tiresomely impartial that the judges are apt to pay more attention to the Rules of Law than to the taxpayer's pocket, and I would not put it past them to cheat us of this nice little bonus. And a nice little bonus it would be, even if an extra nought *has* crept in in the first estimate of his fortune, which (if it were liable to full British estate duty) would bring in £150 millions to the hard-pressed British taxpayers. Even £15,000,000 would be welcome. We may have to do with less than £1,000,000. British judges are incorruptible. What a pity!

Goodwood.—

O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me drive?

Not I, but ever so many thousands are responding to the call on Goodwood Down and all around the Trundle. And *passim* in West Sussex. And if you are genuinely interested in the traffic problem which faces the police and the traders in a small mediæval town or city, you should come down and study it in Midhurst in the afternoon of the last day of Goodwood when the racegoers join the "common people" to watch the polo in Cowdray Park. For on that day Midhurst rivals Hyde Park Corner on garden party day, and outrivals Chichester on a hot Saturday in July. In Goodwood week, we local residents hang out more flags—of surrender. If duty call us out of our cabbage patch, we take our lives in our hands. Down our narrow sunken lanes buses, racing cars, London taxis, conveying card-playing bookies, roar by, bumper to bumper.

THE OLD STAGER

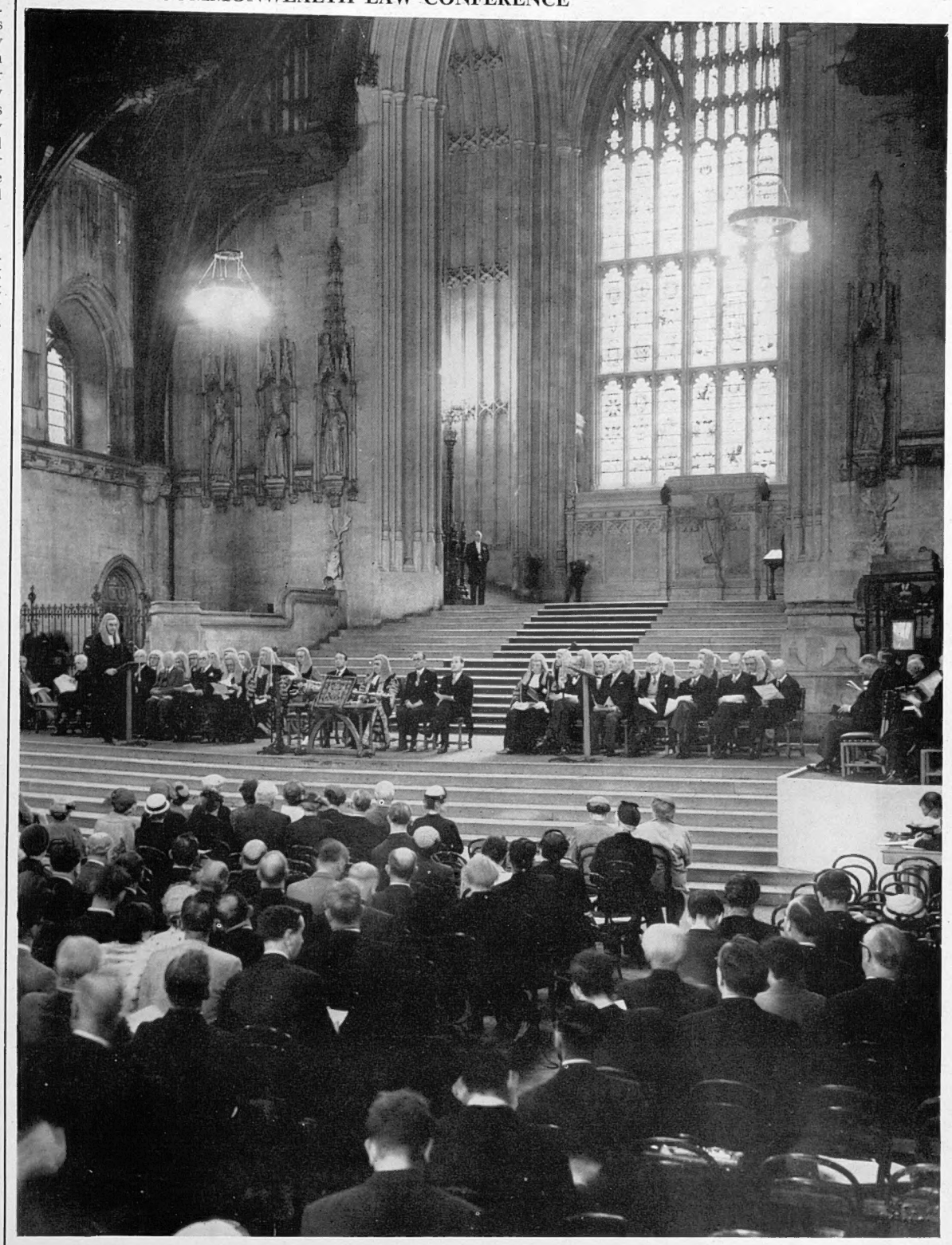
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

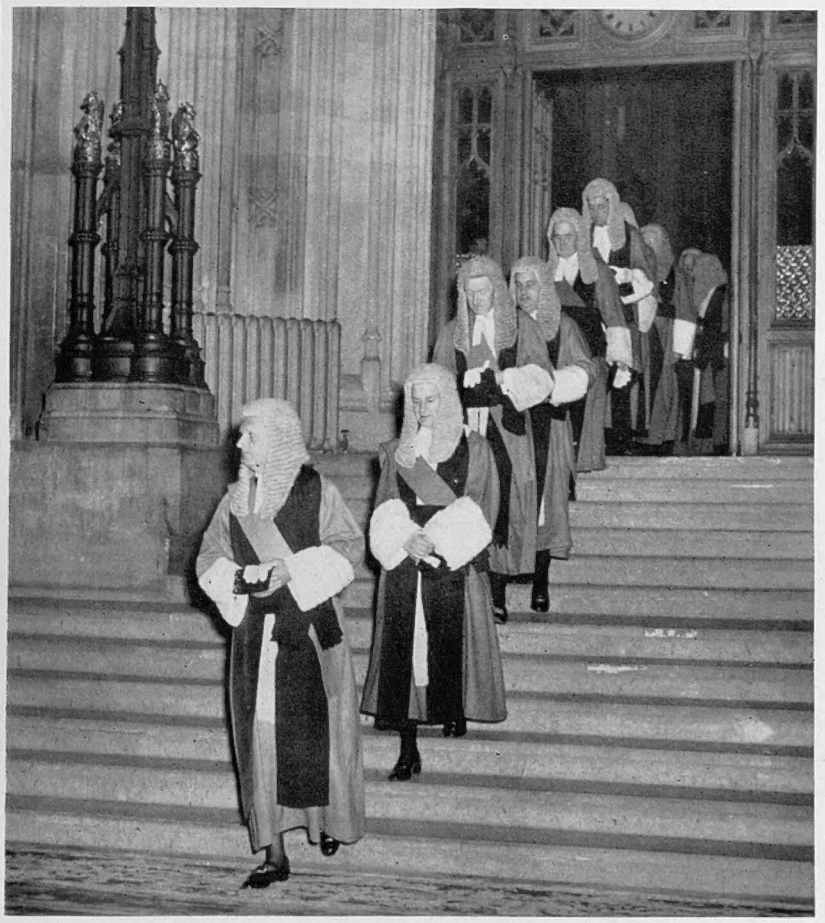
THE ALUMINIUM INDUSTRY IN BRITAIN

By AYTOUN ELLIS

Illustrated with Photographs and a Location Map.

THE FIRST COMMONWEALTH LAW CONFERENCE





A SPLENDID OPENING IN WESTMINSTER HALL: The Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham Buller (on the left), is speaking at the opening of the first Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, is seated in the centre with, on his right, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Joint President of the Conference and Chairman of the General Council of the Bar. On Lord Kilmuir's left are Mr. Charles Norton, Joint President of the Conference and President of the Law Society, and Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, the Solicitor-General. Lords Justices and puisne Judges were on the platform to welcome delegates who came from many parts of the Commonwealth and included the Chief Justices of Quebec, Ontario and Alberta, nineteen other Canadian judges, six Australian judges and two New Zealand judges. After the opening in Westminster Hall the first plenary session of the conference began at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

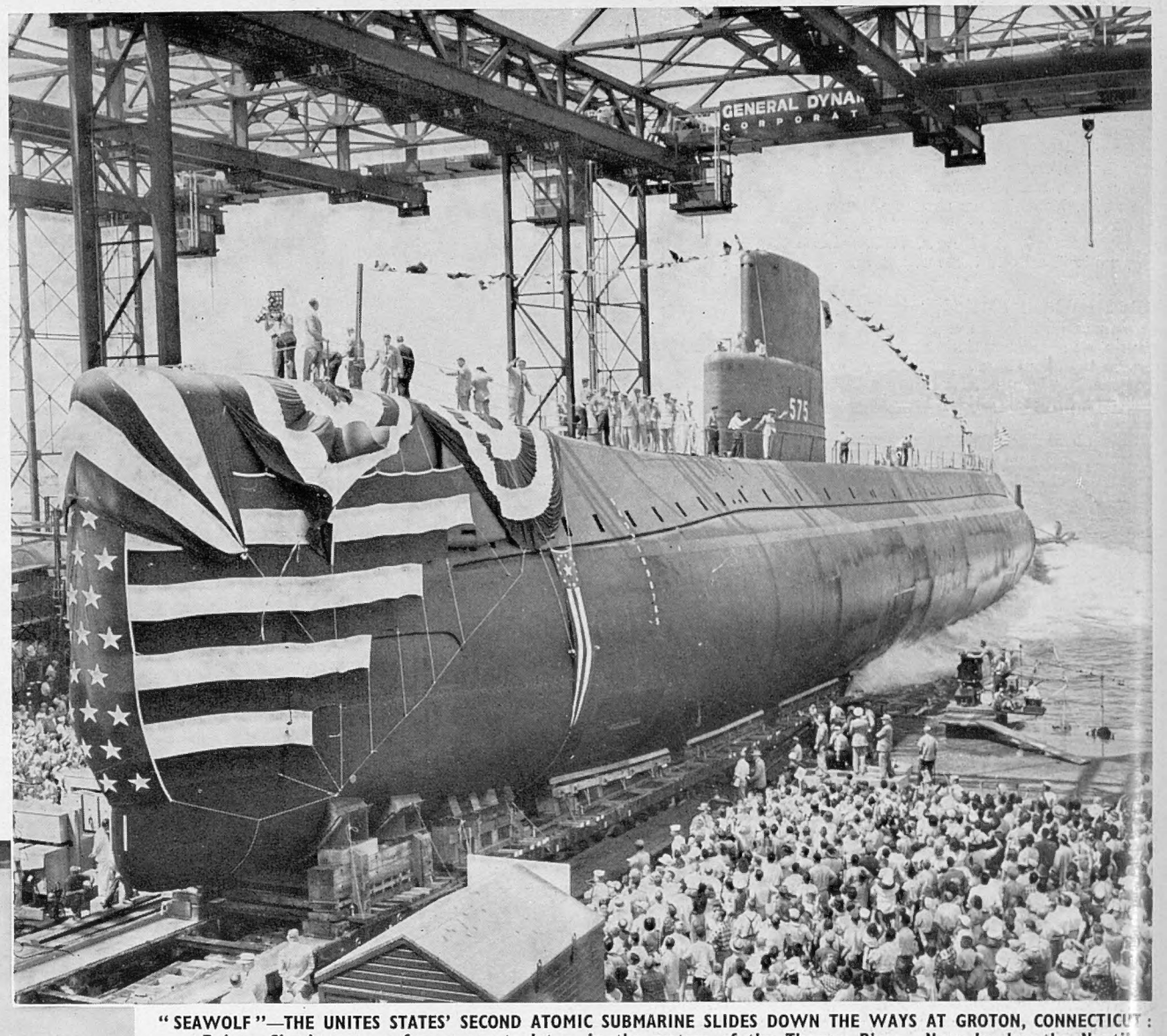
On left—

HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES ARRIVE: They walked in procession to Westminster Hall, within the walls of which, said the Lord Chancellor, "we may fairly claim that the long battle for freedom was fought and won. For by the law our liberty is assured."

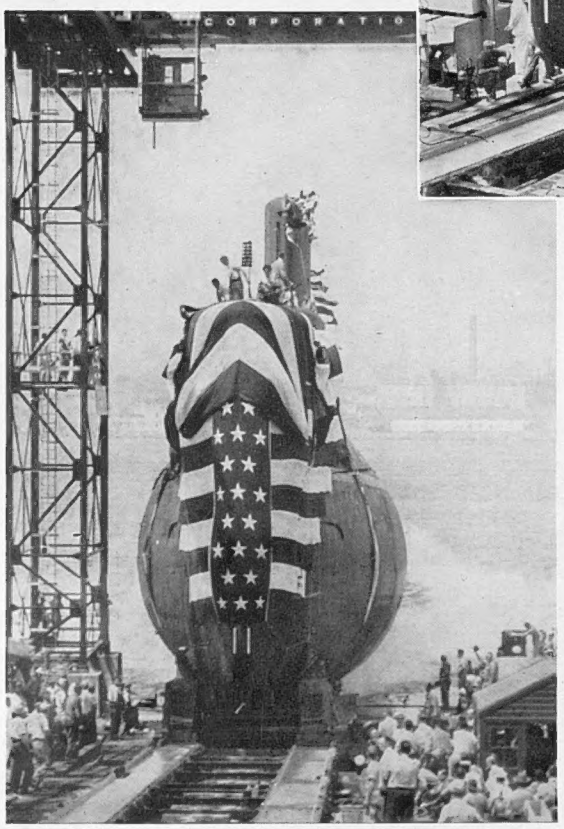
THE SECOND U.S. ATOMIC SUBMARINE

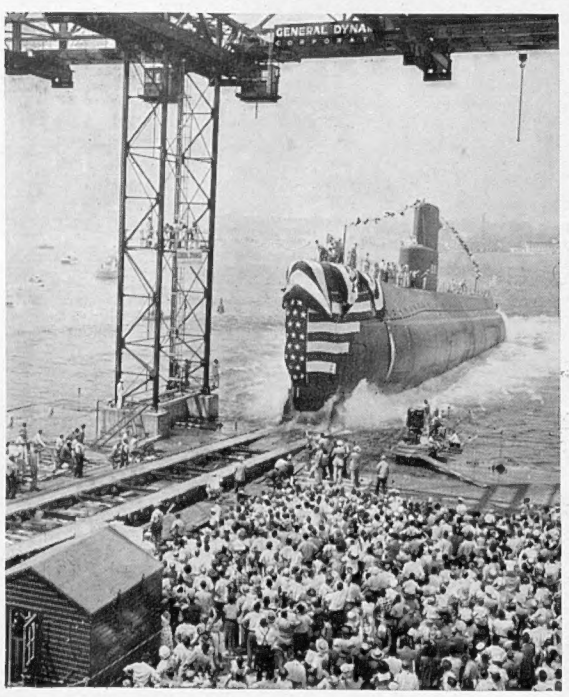
U.S.S. "Seawolf" is Launched at Groton, Connecticut

On Thursday of last week the U.S.S. *Seawolf*, the United States' second atomic submarine, slid into the Thames River at Groton, Connecticut, before a crowd of 20,000. A few hours earlier the keel of a third atomic submarine had been laid; and a short distance from the launching site lay the first—the *Nautilus*, which had returned from a six-weeks shake-down cruise. The nuclear power plant of the U.S.S. *Seawolf* differs from that of *Nautilus*. Mr. Charles S. Thomas, Secretary of the U.S. Navy, explained that they were purposely made competitive. The main difference is that the coolant (agent of heat transfer) in the *Nautilus* is water; in the *Seawolf* it is liquid sodium. It is claimed that sodium will boil only at extremely high temperatures and that the reactor coolant system need not be pressurised. It is an excellent heat conductor and a good electrical conductor, which permits it to be circulated by a magnetic pump with no moving parts. The *Seawolf* was built by the General Dynamics Corporation; its nuclear reactor was made by General Electric. Mr. Thomas added that the new unit is partly to determine which is the better power plant and partly to exploit the rapidly advancing technology of nuclear propulsion.

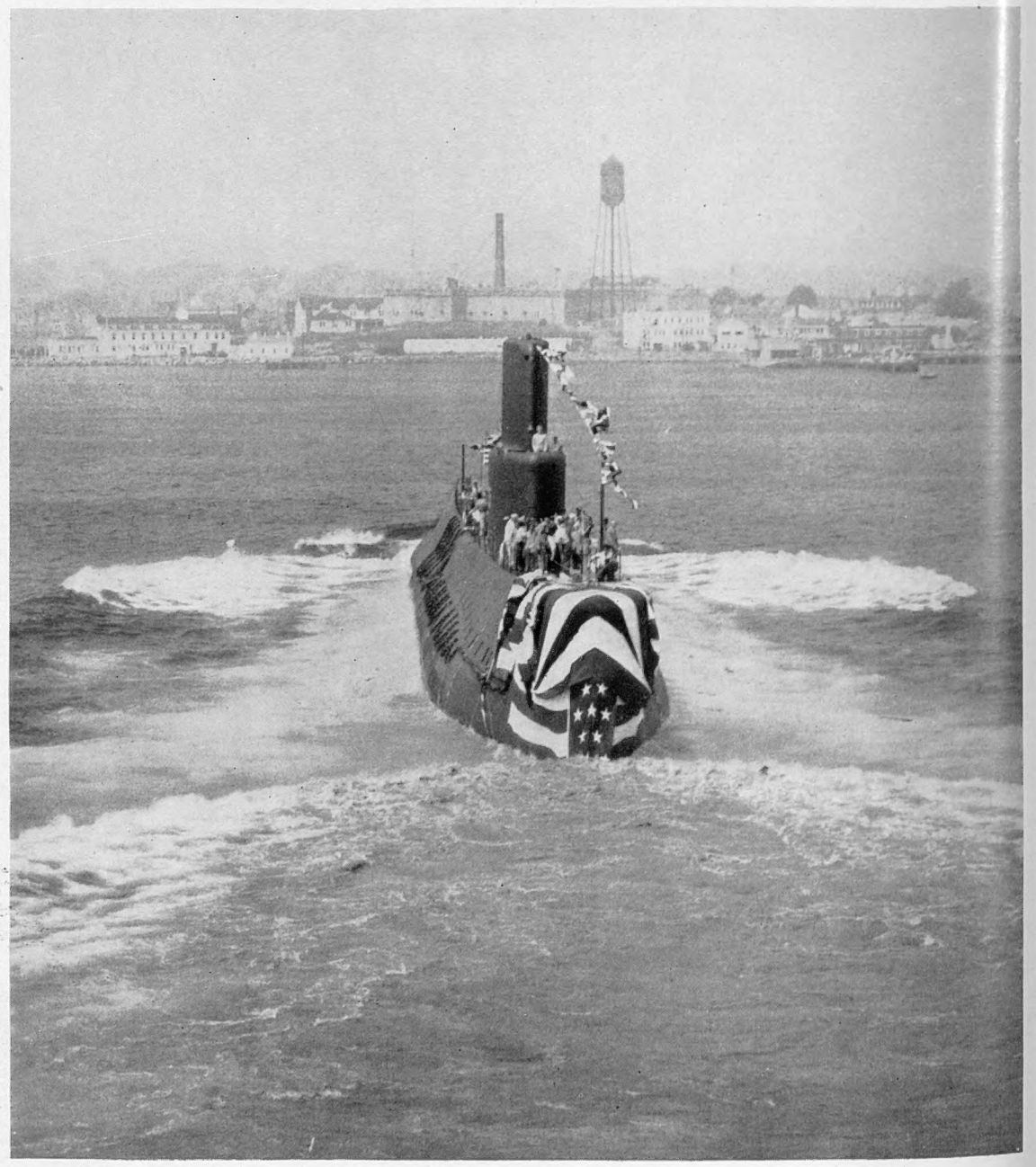


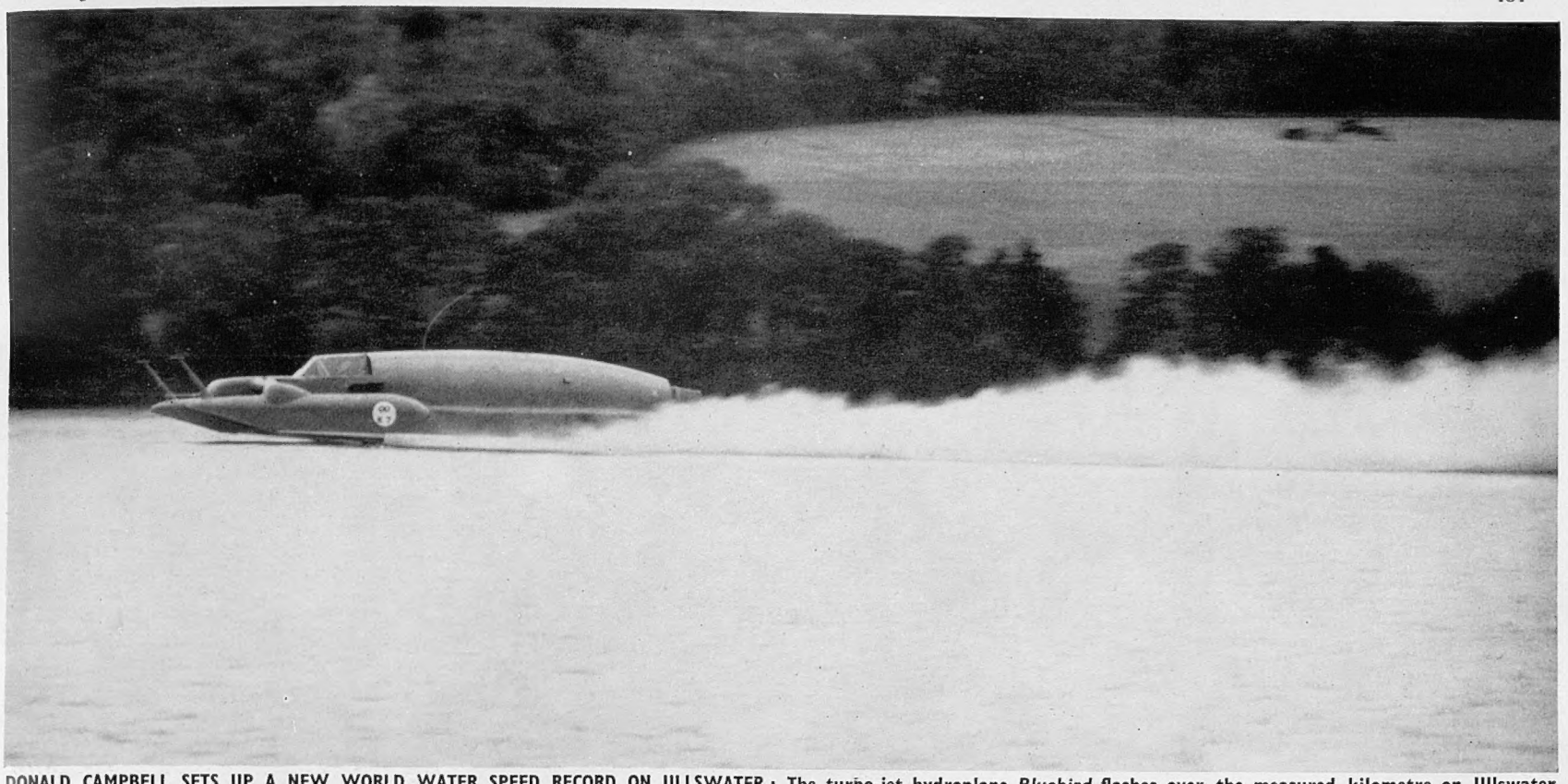
"SEAWOLF"—THE UNITES STATES' SECOND ATOMIC SUBMARINE SLIDES DOWN THE WAYS AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT: *Below*—She is seen, a few moments later, in the waters of the Thames River. Near by lay the Nautilus, America's first atomic submarine, which had just returned from a six-weeks shake-down cruise. The new vessel has a different type of nuclear power plant, using liquid sodium instead of water as the coolant.





LAUNCHING "SEAWOLF": *Above* and *below* are two further pictures of the U.S. Navy's latest atomic submarine as she entered the water at Groton.





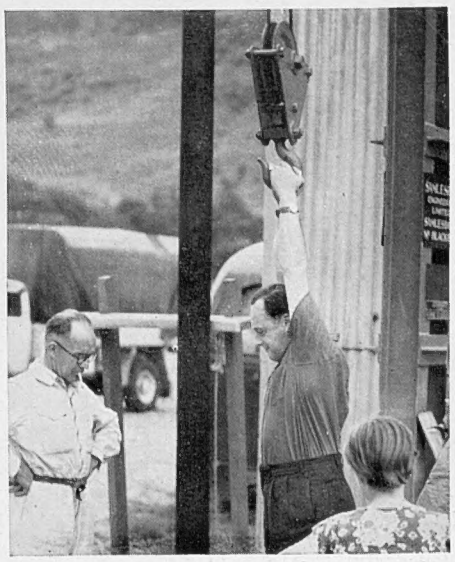
DONALD CAMPBELL SETS UP A NEW WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD ON ULLSWATER: The turbo-jet hydroplane *Bluebird* flashes over the measured kilometre on Ullswater on the second run of Campbell's successful attack on the world water speed record. Donald Campbell's average speed on the two runs along the course was 202·32 m.p.h. His first run, at 215·08 m.p.h., took 10·4 secs. The second, at 189·57 m.p.h., took 11·8 secs. The previous record, held by America, was 178·497 m.p.h.

"BLUEBIRD'S" RECORD OF 202 M.P.H.

Donald Campbell Achieves a New World Water Speed Record in His Turbo-jet Hydroplane "Bluebird" on Lake Ullswater

It was a prosaic announcement from the official observer and the timekeeper which gave Mr. Donald Campbell the momentous news that he had established a new world water speed record. The officials' written verdict was: "On behalf of the Marine Motoring Association, this is to certify that on July 23rd, 1955, on a certified kilometre on Ullswater, Donald M. Campbell's *Bluebird* (K.7) broke the world's water speed record—subject to confirmation by the Union International of Motor-boating." The statement came as a considerable surprise to spectators of the runs, for to many of them *Bluebird* had seemed to move slowly. But, according to Mr. Campbell, the faster she goes, the slower she looks. The thirty-four-year-old son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell declared that his primary interest is scientific. "We are much more concerned with research into the water barrier and the general behaviour of, and design for, craft at these speeds than we are with merely breaking a world's record." He added that much of the knowledge thus gained could help in the design of naval craft such as motor torpedo-boats, and that the navies of Britain and America were interested.

"BLUEBIRD" IS TOWED BACK TO ITS BASE AFTER AN EARLY TRIAL RUN: During the preliminary runs the engine failed on one or two occasions owing to spray flooding the air intake. This was caused by the right float dipping when travelling at speed. Adjustments were necessary before the record-breaking run.



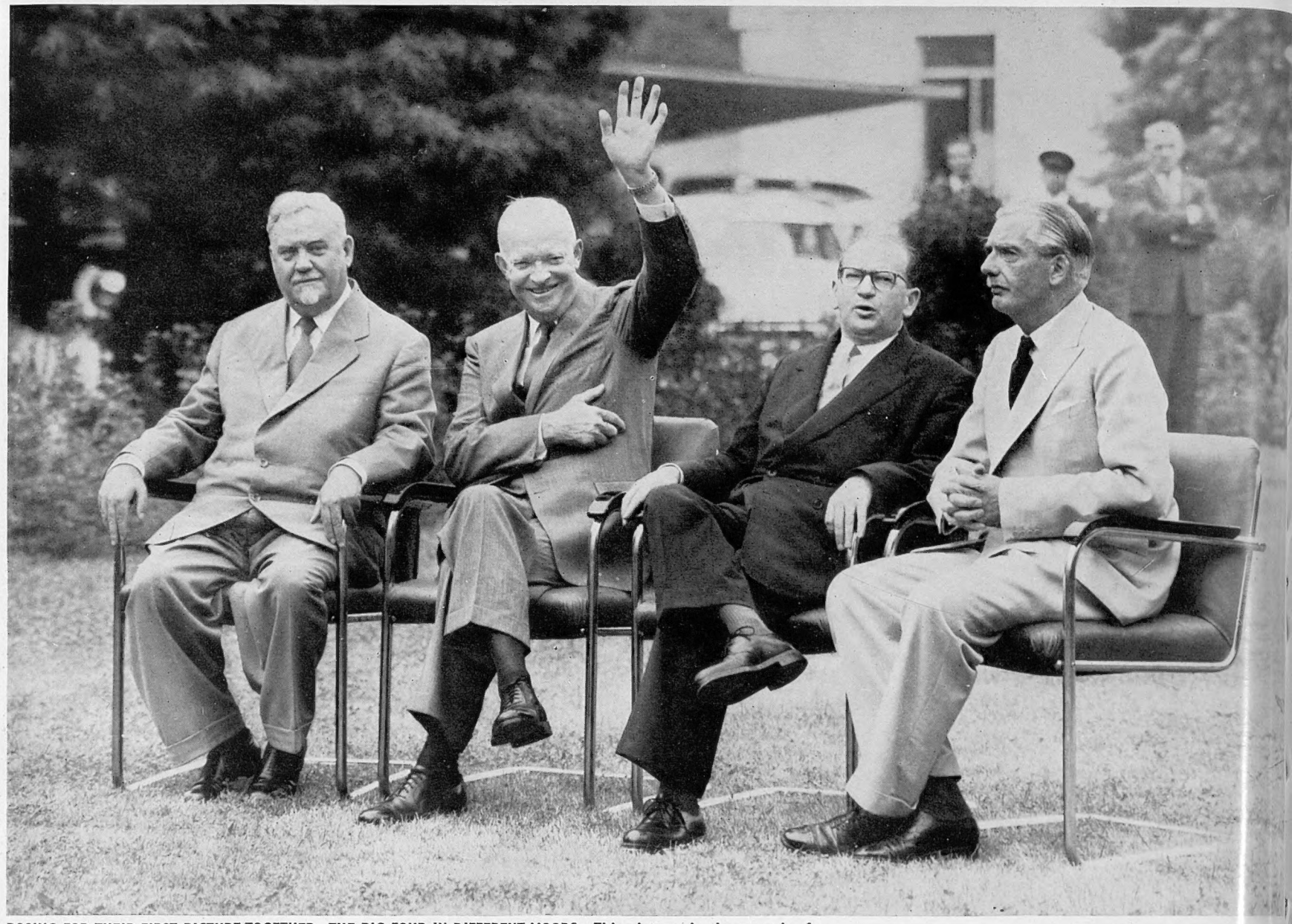
On right—

THE RECORD-BREAKER EASES A PAIN IN HIS BACK: Donald Campbell dangles from the hook of a mobile crane while awaiting the timekeepers' announcement of his runs. He was still suffering from the effects of an old injury to his back.

THE END OF THE RUN: *Bluebird* passes a marker buoy after setting up the new record. Campbell's preliminary runs on Ullswater had attracted the attention of many holidaymakers on the borders of Westmorland and Cumberland. Two days before his record-breaking run Campbell exceeded his father's highest speed of 141·74 m.p.h. by some 20 miles an hour.

On left—

IN THE COCKPIT: Donald Campbell makes the final adjustments before setting out on the first of his two runs along the course. He refuelled after completing the first run.

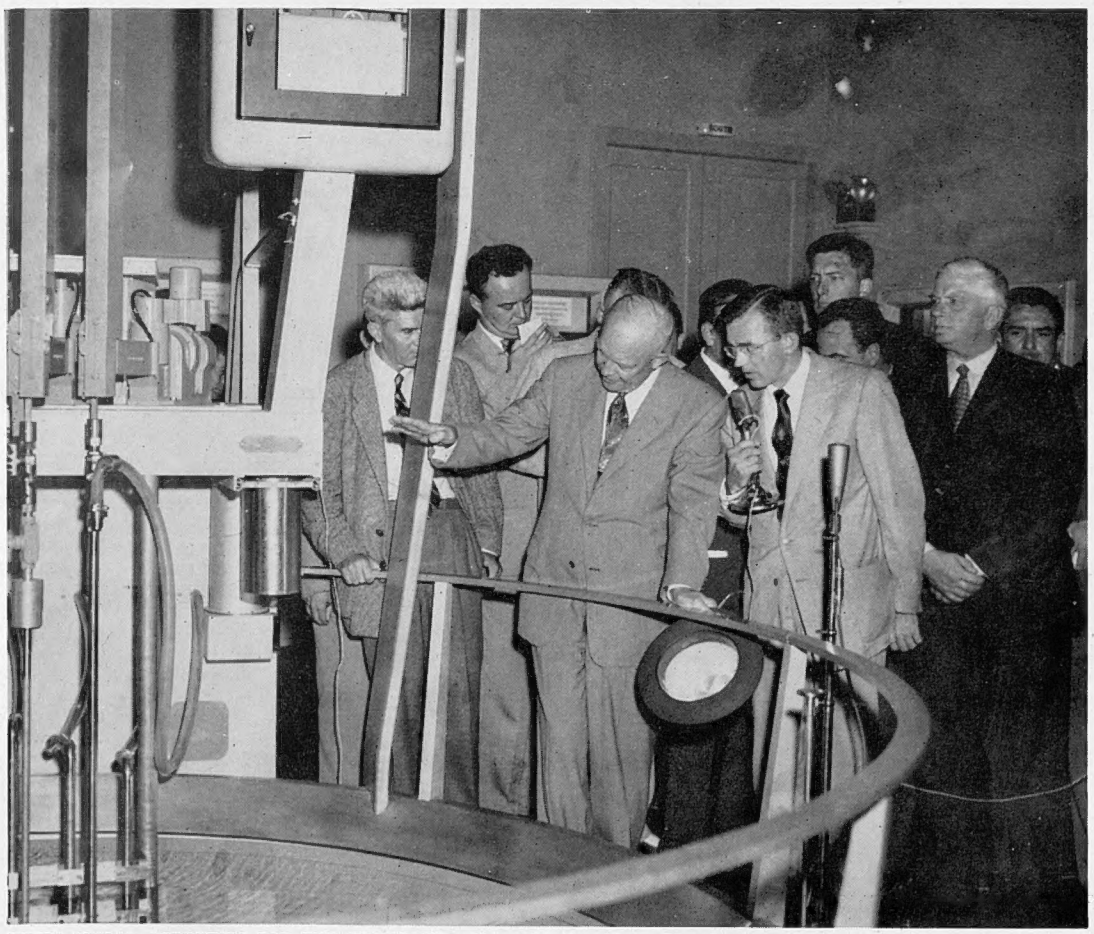


POSING FOR THEIR FIRST PICTURE TOGETHER—THE BIG FOUR IN DIFFERENT MOODS : This picture, in the grounds of the Palais des Nations, was taken at the awkward moment before the Heads of Government had found their bearings in front of 117 cameramen. It looks as if President Eisenhower was the first to spot the "birdie."

AWAY FROM THE CONFERENCE TABLE

The Personalities at the Geneva Conference Relax when Outside the Limelight of the Palais des Nations

When Sir Winston Churchill originally proposed "talks at the summit" he envisaged something very personal—a gathering at which only the heads of Government and their most intimate advisers would be present. The talks at Geneva last week were not held in any such atmosphere, but there was plenty of activity outside the Palais des Nations which may prove to be of even greater importance than the formal speeches at the conference table. Each Head of Government held dinner, luncheon, and cocktail parties at which he could meet selected members of other delegations and talk over affairs of state in a more convivial atmosphere. The Russians especially joined in the gaiety of the occasions, and their bonhomie was not confined to other politicians. Journalists and officials came in for Kremlin chaff and back-slapping. Meanwhile, Mrs. Eisenhower, Lady Eden and Madame Faure communed almost daily over their luncheon tables, and one could not but regret that the Soviet delegates had not seen fit to bring their ladies to Geneva too.



EXTRA-MURAL ACTIVITIES FOR THE PRESIDENT : *On left*—President Eisenhower takes time off from the conference tables to visit the Atomic Energy for Peace Exhibition in Geneva. *On right*—The President goes shopping to buy dolls for his grand-daughters. It was quite by chance that he looked into the toyshop. He peered into the window, and commented on the fact that he had not been inside a shop for twenty years. "Besides," he said, "I have no money." Money was procured, and the President stepped inside.

JUST BACK FROM LUNCH : Marshal Bulganin, with Communist Party Secretary Mr. Khrushchev at his elbow, poses happily for the cameramen before returning to the conference in the Palais des Nations.

BONHOMIE ON THE BALCONY : At the French Prime Minister's reception are, from left, Mr. Molotov, Marshal Bulganin, Marshal Zhukov, M. Faure, the host, Mr. Macmillan, Sir Anthony Eden, and Mr. Dulles. Among others at the reception were Mr. Khrushchev and M. Pinay.

THE RUSSIANS GIVE DINNER TO THE FRENCH : Marshal Bulganin welcomes M. Pinay ; M. Faure (centre) makes the introduction. Between Mr. Molotov and Mr. Khrushchev, at right, is Mr. Vinogradov, Soviet Ambassador in Paris. At left is M. Laloy, expert on Soviet affairs.

MARSHAL BULGANIN MIXES WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHERS : The Soviet Premier points at Herr Hartmann, from Berlin, at the Russian villa and says : " I can tell you are a German by your fair hair."

LADY EDEN PLAYS HOSTESS : The Prime Minister's wife with her guests at the Geneva villa where Sir Anthony was staying. At left is Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, and at right, Madame Lucie Faure.

MRS. EISENHOWER TAKES HER GUESTS FOR A TRIP ON THE LAKE : The President's wife, Madame Faure and Lady Eden set off for lunch on a launch on Lake Geneva. The three wives of the Heads of Government spent most of their luncheon hours together. None of the Soviet leaders brought their ladies to Geneva.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVES AT A FAMOUS GIRLS' SCHOOL : A large crowd gathered on the Sussex cliffs to cheer Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother as her car entered the gates of Roedean, near Brighton, last week. Her Majesty was visiting the school on the occasion of its seventieth birthday. In the school itself, seen in the background, more than 1,500 visitors—old girls, parents and friends—as well as the present staff and pupils, were assembled to welcome her. She was the guest of honour at a garden party and attended a thanksgiving service in the chapel, at which the address was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen Mother was also given a great reception when she drove through the crowded streets of Brighton.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKS WITH A PARATROOPER : During his tour of the station of Royal Air Force Command at Abingdon, in Berks, the Duke showed a keen interest in the latest-style equipment worn by Sergeant Bing, of the Parachute Regiment. The Sergeant, whose home is in Brechin, Angus, Scotland, is in rifleman's jumping kit and carries over 100 lb. of equipment, including the new reserve (second) parachute. The Duke saw many sides of the activities of Transport Command on his inspection.

ROEDEAN WELCOMES THE QUEEN MOTHER

The Duke of Edinburgh with the R.A.F.; and the Duchess of Gloucester with a Scottish Regiment

THE OLD COLOURS ARE MARCHED OFF : Before presenting new Colours to the 5th Battalion, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, at Dumfries, the Duchess of Gloucester (left background) takes the salute for the final trooping of the old Colours.

THE NEW COLOURS ARE PRESENTED : The Duchess of Gloucester hands over the new Colours to the 5th Battalion (Dumfries and Galloway Territorials), the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The regimental honours inscribed on them date to 1695. The new Colours replace those presented by Edward VII in 1909.

AN ADDRESS BY THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF : After presenting the Colours, the Duchess of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, addressed the parade of 200 men of the 5th Battalion, K.O.S.B. Immediately behind, on her left, is Major-General J. B. Scott-Elliot, Colonel of the Regiment. Beyond are civic dignitaries of Dumfries.

THE DORSET COUNTRYSIDE IS TRANSFORMED INTO A RAGING TORRENT OF FLOODWATER : Local people stand by helplessly as the floods pour over farms and fields and roads near Weymouth. A succession of cloudbursts caused havoc in the town and at Upway and Bowlease. In addition, floodwaters burst the banks of the Rivers Brit and Asker, bringing damage to the holiday town of Bridport, fifteen miles west of Weymouth. Altogether some 600 people were rendered homeless by the floods, which reached a height of 5 ft. in the twenty-four hours in which more than 7 ins. of rain fell. Many of them were holidaymakers living on the caravan sites in the area. Despite the fact that all telephone communications were at first cut, rescue work and the care of the homeless went ahead with remarkable rapidity, and the Mayor of Weymouth was able to announce within twenty-four hours of the cloudbursts that the town's holiday facilities remained unaffected.

AFTERMATH AT WEYMOUTH

After the Serious Floods in Dorset Last Week
The Work of Rehabilitation is Quickly Under Way

ONE OF THE MANY CARAVAN SITES FLOODED OUT BY THE CLOUDBURSTS : An aerial view of the site after 7 ins. of rain had fallen in a day. Hundreds of holidaymakers were forced out of caravan camps and found shelter in hastily-erected rest centres. Most were able to return to their caravans as soon as the floodwaters had receded.

FLOODS 5 FT. HIGH IN THE TOWN OF WEYMOUTH : This aerial view shows some of the land on both sides of the railway in Weymouth. Most of the telephones in the town were put out of action, thus hampering the work of helping the homeless.

THE HEARTBREAK OF IT ALL : The floods have receded, and this is what they leave behind. In Church Street, at Upway, villagers get down to the heartbreaking job of drying and scraping the mud from those possessions which have not been destroyed.

A SPANKING BREEZE AT THE START OF THE CHRIST-CHURCH LEDGE RACE: *Capella*, extreme left, is seen just going over the top of one of the new South Coast One Designs, *Aderyn*. To windward sails a 6-metre yacht now converted to cruising.

On left—
A CORNER OF COWES HARBOUR AFTER THE DAY'S RACING: A familiar scene during Cowes Week and at any week-end when big races are given. In the Island Club's classic Round the Island race, something like 1,500 people participated.

COWES WEEK PROSPECTS

The Climax of the Yachting Year this Coming Week Promises a Greater Variety and More Brilliance than Ever

By UFFA FOX

WITH A SPECIAL PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEKEN OF COWES

COWES WEEK always takes place at the beginning of August, when there is generally a brave breeze, and the schools and Parliament break up for their summer holidays. For this, the greatest sailing week of the whole wide world, racing and cruising vessels that have wandered north, south, east and west, return like migrating swallows from Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, France, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and they bring sisters from the places they have visited.

In the racing classes this year there are 5·5-sq.-metres from Australia, and a 6-metre team has come across from America to take part in the British America Cup Race series and also in the races for the Old and New World Cup. In addition, there are the American Ocean Racers that, earlier in the year, raced from America across to Sweden and who will use Cowes Week as their final tuning-up races before the Fastnet.

Cowes has been a holiday for the Royal Family during the recent years, and Her Majesty's yacht *Britannia* will again be there for the week.

This will be a wonderful Cowes for, although the pattern of the Week has remained unchanged throughout the years (with the exception that in the last year or two the Royal Thames have luffed in a Regatta on the first Sunday), those taking part are constantly changing and no two of the races are ever alike. Even if the wind is the same, the tide is different. Then, too, the dinners, dances, banquets and balls are ever changing with the different people attending them. So the interest and excitement are always fresh.

This year the Week runs from Saturday, July 30, until Saturday, August 6. On each and every one of the eight days, races are given for every kind of racer.

The cruiser racers are generally divided into three sizes of vessels, so as to make the handicapping easier: the wider the range in a vessel's speed, the more difficult it is to handicap.

Then there are races without handicapping for the 8-metre cruiser racers. This is a new dual-purpose yacht which has come into being since the war, as nowadays very few people indeed can afford a vessel above the 6-metre class purely as a day racer.

Then we come to the largest of the International classes, the 6-metre class. It is difficult to realise that in the old days we would watch the stately " J " class,

ONE OF THE THREE NEW 6-METRES: This is *Clyde*, which comes from Scotland and is owned by Mr. Colin Parker. The other two new 6-metres are *Royal Thames*, owned by a syndicate of the club's members, and *Royal Corinthian*, owned by various members of that club.

then the wonderful fleet of 12-metre racers and a great fleet of 8-metres—after which a lot of the spectators would say " We will go home now and not wait to see the end of the 6-metres." To-day we look upon these 6-metres as important and expensive vessels, for there is no doubt that these are the most expensive and the most exciting racers we have to-day.

The 5.5.-metre class are approximately three-fifths the cost of the 6-metre and need only three to sail them instead of five. These are classes in which the skill of a designer is tested, as well as that of a helmsman. Most of the other classes racing to-day are One Designs, in which there is a fixed design of hull, sails and rig,

THE ROYAL "B.B.C." AT COWES—THE THREE YACHTS, WHICH WILL BE THERE FOR THE WEEK, SEEN IN A SPECIAL PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON: Dominating the scene is the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. Sailing along parallel, and close-hauled on the port tack, is the Queen's and Duke of Edinburgh's Dragon, *Bluebottle*. Behind is the Royal Flying Fifteen, *Coweslip*, with the Duke of Edinburgh steering and Uffa Fox as crew. For the past few years the Royal Family has made a habit of spending a holiday at Cowes during the Week.

so that they are purely a test of the combined skill of the helmsman and crew.

There are races for the following One Design classes :—Internationals, Dragons, Swallows, Redwings, Sunbeams, X-O-D's, Flying Fifteens, Yarmouths, Victories, Star class, 12 Square Metres, Hornets, Royal Naval Whalers, Royal Naval Dinghies, Scows, 14-ft. Dinghies, National Fireflies and the Cadets. In fact, almost every kind of seaworthy boat will find a class in which to race during Cowes Week, for there are handicap races for boats not able to make up a large enough fleet to warrant a class of their own. So racers and those who come to watch have every size, type and kind of boat to enjoy.

The opening day is always taken by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, who start all their races for cruisers and racers, and the smaller boats, across the Royal Yacht Squadron line.

On Sunday, July 31, the Royal Thames Yacht Club will start their races across the Royal London Yacht Club line. These two clubs are natural allies. About 100 years ago, when the Royal London Yacht Club was driven out of the London river by the heavier and ever increasing industrial traffic, it moved its clubhouse to Cowes, within a stone's throw of the Royal Yacht Squadron. But the Royal Thames has remained true to London Town and its clubhouse is still there. Therefore it is quite natural for it to be allied to, and use, its sister's clubhouse and line for such a regatta.

On Monday, August 1, the Royal London Yacht Club always starts its racers across the Royal Yacht Squadron line. On this day the cruising-racers of 30-ft. waterline and over have a stirring race round the Isle of Wight, one of the finest races ever devised because of the ever-changing scenery, winds, tides and shore.

On Tuesday the Royal Yacht Squadron have their first regatta, and on this day one of the most important trophies of the year is raced for by vessels of 30-ft. waterline and over. This is the Britannia Cup, which was presented to the Royal Yachting Association by the late King George VI. This is always raced for in Cowes Week under the burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Wednesday and Thursday are also Royal Yacht Squadron days, but they do not give races for all the classes. On these days, the Royal London Yacht and Island Sailing Clubs have their regattas for various classes—so that on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the earlier races are from the Royal Yacht Squadron line in the forenoon and are followed by other races from the Royal London Yacht Club or Island Sailing Club starting lines.

Friday is again another Royal Yacht Squadron day, but once more half the classes are started from a line 50 yards away, this time by the Cowes Town Regatta Committee. On Saturday (winding up the week) all the classes start across the Royal Yacht Squadron line, under the burgee of the Royal Southern Yacht Club.

Earlier on the Saturday the Royal Yacht Squadron line is used for the Grand National of racing, the Fastnet; every other year this great race starts on the Saturday of Cowes Week from the Squadron line and takes the racers round the Fastnet Rock (which they can round on either hand) and then reach and run back to Plymouth, their finishing line.

This 650-mile course is one of the hardest races in the world, for the south-west monsoon is generally prevailing at this time and all the boats have a hard and difficult drive of 200 miles to windward to Land's End with a rock-bound coast under their lee. Then they have a wild and glorious scamper across the southern half of the Irish Sea to the Fastnet Rock, round the Land and into Plymouth. All this calls for a high degree of sailing and seamanship from those on board and a sturdy, weatherly hull and rig.

This year sees a strong challenger from America in Richard S. Nye's 53-ft. O.A. yawl *Carina II*, for this vessel has just won the transatlantic race from Newport, on the American coast, to Marstrand, in Sweden, in the very fast time of 21 days 15 hours.

With cruisers and racers ranging from the 12-metres down to the 12-ft. sailing dinghies, there will be something in the order of 500 vessels racing each day throughout Cowes Week. All of this will be enhanced by the presence during the Week of the Royal "B.B.C."—*Britannia*, *Bluebottle* and *Coweslip*. *Britannia* will arrive with her guardship the Thursday before the Week, and will be leaving for the south-west corner of Wales at the end of the day's racing on the Thursday of what promises to be one of the finest Cowes Weeks ever.

A NEW VERSION OF THE CRUISER RACER: *Atalanta* is light in displacement, yet she can sleep eight and does not need a dinghy. She has two retractable keels similar to the ballast keel of a light cruising craft.

The Foreign News in Pictures

MOROCCAN RIOTS

Pictures of the Disturbances in Casablanca; and a Survey of Other Recent Events in Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia

THE NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IS ATTACKED BY EUROPEANS IN CASABLANCA: Police and military officers try to clear a way through the mob of Europeans for the new Resident-General, M. Gilbert Grandval, who was submerged by the crowd. M. Grandval was attacked after attending the funeral of terrorists' victims.

The riots in Casablanca over the past fortnight, which have caused scores of deaths, differ in one important respect from the outbreaks of violence which have been an unhappy part of the French North African scene in recent years. These latest outbreaks are planned and carried out by Europeans. They are directed not so much against Arabs as against the French administration, and against the new Resident-General, M. Gilbert Grandval, in particular. Many Europeans believe that M. Grandval has been sent to Morocco to prepare the way for some form of home rule as has recently been granted to Tunisia. One of the new Resident-General's first acts was to review sentences imposed on Muslims and to release political prisoners. This so incensed a large section of the European population that M. Grandval was physically attacked and manhandled at his next public appearance. For many days rioting took place in Casablanca, and the many outrages included yet another attempt on the life of the powerful Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, when he was visited by M. Grandval.

QUENCHING THE FLAMES OF VIOLENCE: Firemen play a hose on a car overturned and set alight by European rioters in Casablanca. Police and European bystanders in the background laugh as they bandy words.

A SCUFFLE WITH THE POLICE: Stones are hurled at a cordon of police, seen in the background, during the riots between Europeans and Moroccans in Casablanca, when more than sixty people lost their lives. The police had the worst of it, being attacked by both sides.

THE FOREIGN LEGION IS CALLED OUT: Men of the French Foreign Legion move to protect firemen fighting a blazing timber warehouse set alight in the Medina, the Arab quarter of Casablanca. Firemen were frequently attacked when trying to put out flames.

MR. NEHRU IS WELCOMED HOME ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE: The Indian Prime Minister, second from left in the foreground, is seen at a reception given by the Indian President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, in his honour in Delhi. To Mr. Nehru's right is Count Ostrorog, the French Ambassador. Opposite is Dr. Prasad, in a black tunic, with the Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, on his right and the Communist Chinese Ambassador on his left. At a civic reception in Delhi, Mr. Nehru was presented with an address of welcome framed in gold brocade, which described him as "conquering hero."

GREEK COMMUNISTS FLEE THEIR PRISON THROUGH A FACTORY: The end of the 100-yard tunnel in the Piræus factory through which twenty-seven Communists made their escape from Vorle Prison. Some of the prison clothing which they discarded is seen on the floor beside it. They had dug their way through the prison walls, under a street outside and into the shower room at the factory, on the other side of the street. It is presumed that the prisoners, all of whom were serving long sentences, merely walked out of the factory and dispersed after they had changed into new clothes.

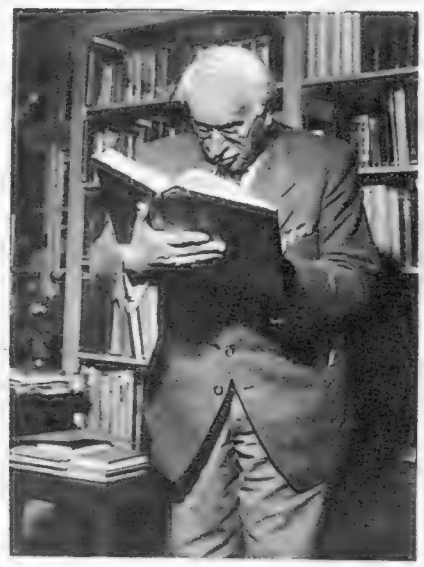
A FEAST FOR ROYALTY ABOARD THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER : King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia sits at the head of the lavishly bedecked table on board the tanker *Al-Malik-Saud-al-Awal* at Jedda. The vessel, which is 47,000 tons, was recently registered as the first oil tanker of the Saudi Arabian kingdom. The party was given by her owner, Mr. Aristotle Onassis. More than 1,000 tribesmen helped themselves to the carcases of lamb, which were picked to the bone within seconds.

CAIRO'S CITIZENS TURN OUT TO WELCOME THE INDONESIAN PRESIDENT : Cheering crowds line the route as President Ahmed Soekarno (left) drives through the streets of the Egyptian capital with the Egyptian Premier, Colonel Abdel Gamal Nasser. The President of Indonesia had arrived in Cairo on a five-day official visit. He was passing through Egypt on his way to Mecca, where he is making the pilgrimage this year. It was one of the rare visits west by the founder of the Indonesian Republic.

A PERMANENT GAIN FOR MELBOURNE FROM THE OLYMPIC GAMES : The great sports centre which is under construction at Olympic Park, near the Melbourne Cricket Ground, which is the main venue for the 1956 Olympic Games. It will include a cinder running-track (foreground), a football field (at left) and a swimming stadium (in the background). 33,000 people can be accommodated around the track.

On right—

CARL JUNG IS EIGHTY : The great psychologist, who celebrated his eightieth birthday last Tuesday at his home at Kusnacht, in the canton of Zurich. Perhaps the most famous native of Switzerland, Jung is regarded as the founder of analytical psychology. He differs from Freud, whose fervent disciple he once was, in that he rejects the universality of the sexual impulse in all psychological phenomena. Instead, Jung evolved the theory of the two main classifications of people, introverts and extroverts. He has also been responsible for reconciling Freudian determinism with religion. Jung has been active as a psychologist since the age of twenty-five. As recently as 1953 he published a work entitled *Psychology and Alchemy*.



AFTER TEN YEARS OF PEACE—TWO ASPECTS OF WAR-DAMAGED CITIES OF FORMER ENEMIES : *On left*—Milan—young trees, paths, terraces and fountains in the new public park, built in the most war-ravaged city in Italy from the rubble left by ruined buildings. Nearly 3,000 cu. ft. of wartime rubble was used to transform the badly damaged parts of the city into a pleasant park. *On right*—Berlin—where, in the shadow of the shell of a church, demolition workers stand in silence to mark the beginning of the Geneva Conference.

ENTER THE GNAT—BRITAIN'S LIGHT FIGHTER, SEEN JUST BEFORE A SUCCESSFUL MAIDEN FLIGHT : The Folland Gnat is seen at the Ministry of Supply Experimental Establishment, Boscombe Down, from where it made its maiden flight last week. This flight was also the initial air test of the Bristol Orpheus jet engine which powers the Gnat.

Since the end of the war the size, cost and complexity of operational aircraft have increased enormously. Mr. W. Petter, the designer of the Gnat, reasoned that an aircraft could be built more cheaply, more quickly than the complex type and still be as effective. The Gnat has now been produced to support this theory. The prototype, the Folland Midge, was first seen by the public at Farnborough last year. This was powered by a small Armstrong-Siddeley Viper jet delivering a thrust of just over 1,600 lb. The later model, the Gnat, which has now been successfully tested for the first time, is powered by the larger and more powerful Bristol Orpheus engine with a thrust of nearly 3,300 lb. Supersonic speeds in level flight are confidently forecast for the Gnat.

For the maiden flight, the Gnat was taken from the Folland Aircraft Company's works at Hamble to Boscombe Down so that it might have a long runway, but watchers standing at the end were surprised to see the aircraft well in the air when it reached them. The Orpheus engine was also flying for the first time.

SMALL BUT MIGHTY : This view of the Gnat shows its diminutive size. The wing-span is only 20 ft. 8 ins. and the length is just over 29 ft. Despite the aircraft's dimensions no concessions are made to pilot facilities, armament and speed.

AIRCRAFT FAST AND SLOW

AIR NEWS FROM ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DECK-LANDING TRIALS FOR THE SEAMEW : The Short Seamew is seen making its first landing on the deck of H.M.S. *Bulwark* last week. Specially developed to undertake the arduous duties usually performed by much larger and more expensive aircraft, the Seamew is designed for operation from small coastal airfields or from escort-carriers. The aircraft carries a crew of two and is powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley Mamba turbo-prop.

LARGER WINGS FOR THE CANBERRA : A new version of the successful British photo-reconnaissance plane and bomber, the Mark 9, which has just completed its first series of test flights. The wing-chord has been extended between engines and fuselage, and the span is 4 ft. longer than previous versions. This will enable the Canberra to fly higher than any other version. The range has also been increased. No details of performance have been released, but the world height record is held by a Canberra which was specially fitted with Bristol Olympus engines, at 63,668 ft. The new version, which has Rolls-Royce Avons, may better this. The advent of the Canberra Mark 9 may well add to the anxiety which has been felt in many quarters because of the lack of fighters in service matching in performance the new generation of jet-propelled bombers and reconnaissance planes.

A TERRIER MAKES A HIT : A radio-controlled target aircraft spouts flame as it is hit by a Terrier rocket, one of the guided missiles now being used by the U.S. Navy. Within a second of this picture being taken the aircraft had disintegrated. *On right*—A Terrier streaks from the decks of the U.S.S. *Mississippi*, which has been specially converted to fire guided missiles. The Terrier, which is built by Convair, went into production in 1951 and well over 1,000 have been produced for the Navy. With a ceiling of 52,800 ft., the missile is powered by an Aerojet solid fuel rocket which propels it at twice the speed of sound. It has four tiny stub wings set at right-angles to one another and four fins, and it is controlled by a radar beam sent out from the mother-ship.

A HELICOPTER PASSENGER'S VIEW OF NEW BUILDINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT : This picture of the new Central Area was taken from a B.E.A. helicopter approaching the Airport from the South Bank. After several false starts, most of which were caused by an overwhelming assortment of safety and noise precautions, British European Airways helicopter shuttle service began last Monday. The Control Tower can be seen in the background of this picture. The large building to the left is the Passenger Handling Building, which first came into use two months ago, and under construction in the foreground is the south-east Apex Building, which is now nearing completion. Part of the new public enclosure is to be situated on the roof of this building.

A HELICOPTER SERVICE AT LAST

British European Airways Begin their Flights from the South Bank to London Airport

After a great many teething troubles, British European Airways have begun their regular helicopter services between the South Bank landing site and London Airport. The main reason for the long series of delays and postponements has been the noise problem. As the vicinity of the South Bank had endured the rattle of trains passing over Hungerford Bridge for the past eighty-nine years, it was deemed inadvisable to inflict the further roar of an unbridled helicopter upon the community and so an effective silencer was sought.

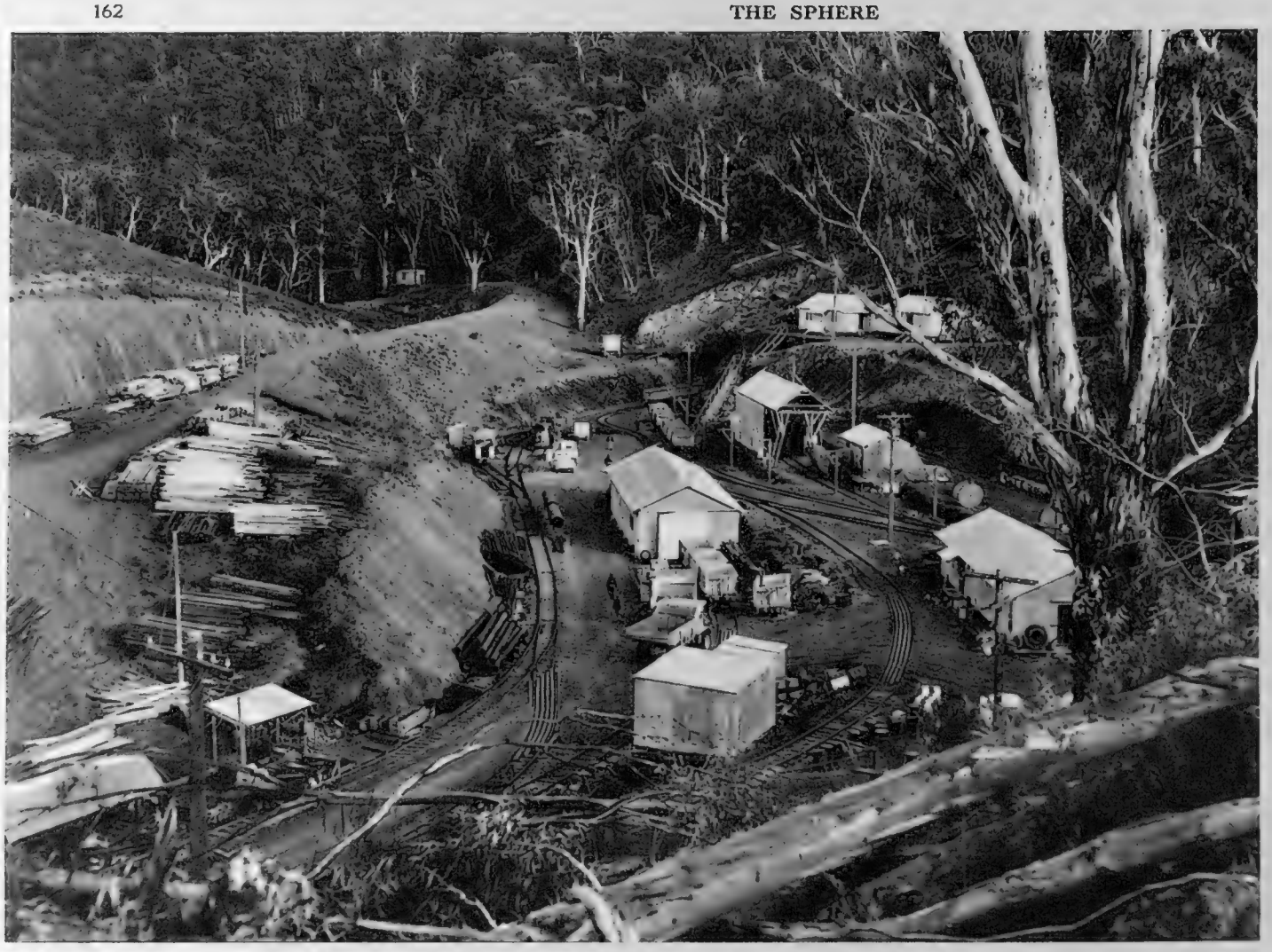
Messrs. Vokes, of Guildford, were asked to provide one and within the remarkably short space of ten days had a model ready for testing. This cut the noise down to well below the required level but weighed 87 lb., caused a large amount of drag and sapped the engine power to a marked degree. Experiments continued with silencers and now Vokes have produced one which is considerably lighter than the first model and which has a negligible effect upon engine power.

While the silencer trouble was being thrashed out, further complications were encountered in the form of safety measures. As the Westland S-55's used by B.E.A. have only one engine, they had to be specially equipped to make an emergency landing on the Thames in the event of engine failure. This meant the addition of large floats which increased weight and drag still further. The net result of the silencer and safety measures is that the S-55, which in its unspoiled military version carries ten fully-armed troops, can, on the B.E.A. run, carry only half this number of passengers. The single fare will be 35s., but on the eight flights being made in each direction daily, the Corporation will lose as much as £300 every day. Extravagant as this may seem, B.E.A. will, when an aircraft more suited to the job is in service, benefit enormously from the experience they are now gaining in helicopter operation.

On left—
BOARDING THE HELICOPTER AT THE SOUTH BANK : On the port side of the helicopter, part of the silencer can be seen.

WORLD TUNNEL RECORD

A Feat by Workers in New South Wales and other Pictures of Progress on the Gigantic Snowy Mountains Project



On left—

THE CAMP OF THE RECORD MAKERS: This is part of the camp at Junction Shaft, where some of the tunnellers have their quarters. They set up a new world record for a 24 ft. diameter tunnel by driving 402 ft. in six days in the Eucumbene–Tumut Tunnel, which is only a small fraction of the colossal power project rising in the Snowy Mountains in New South Wales, in Australia.

ROUND-THE-CLOCK SHIFTS: Workers come away from the tunnel after an eight-hour shift. On the Eucumbene–Tumut project three eight-hour shifts are worked round the clock, six days a week.

THE "JUMBO" AT WORK: The name is given to this ingenious giant metal framework which runs on wide-gauge rails and carries the drills which bore 12-ft.-deep holes for explosives in the tunnelling.

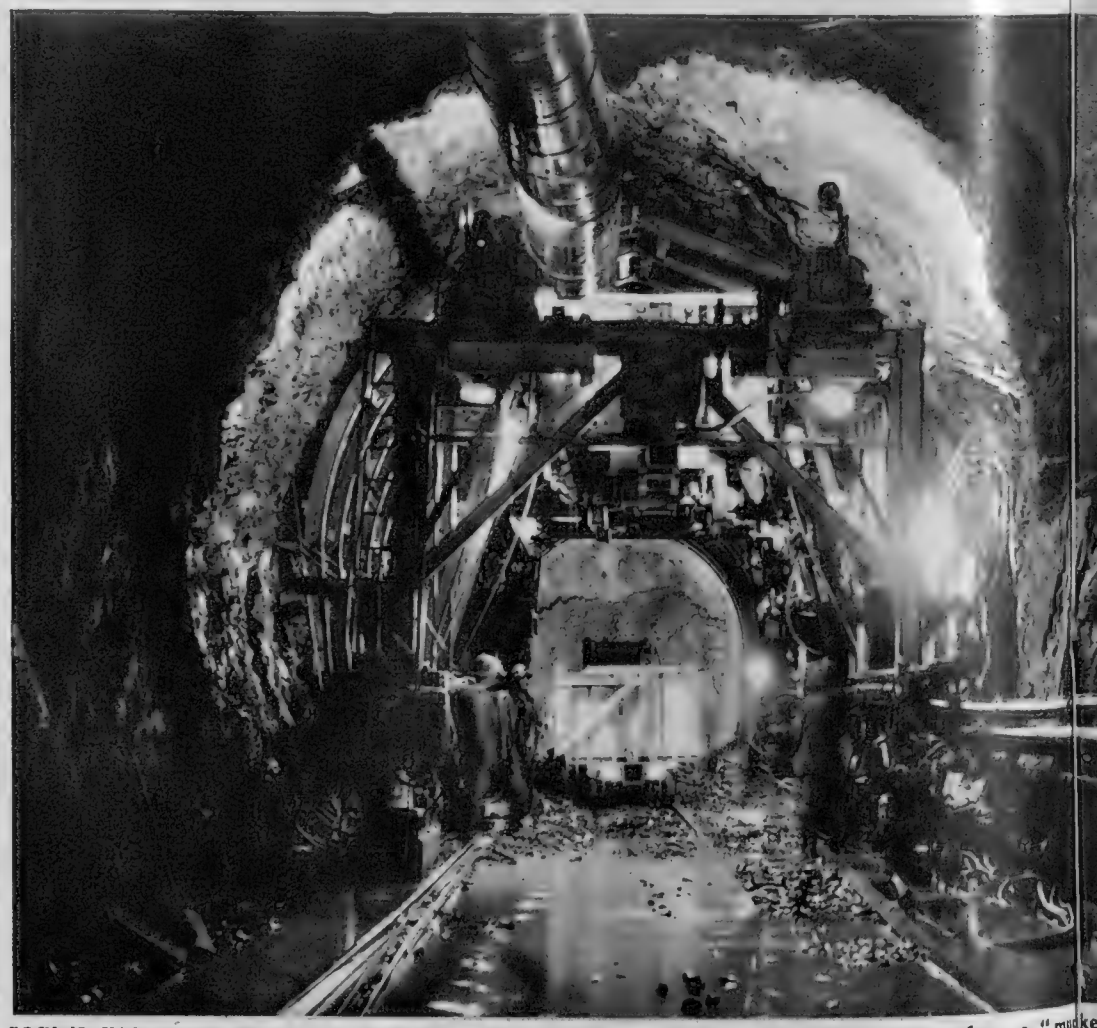
Shifts, working by day and night, recently broke a world record for tunnelling underground. Between the Tumut and Eucumbene Rivers in New South Wales, teams drove 402 ft. in six days and thus beat the previous record for 24 ft. diameter tunnelling, established in California, by 39 ft. It is fitting that this should have been done in a section of Australia's Snowy Mountains hydro-electric scheme, for this is in itself a record-making feat. It is certainly one of the grandest engineering projects ever conceived by man.

It has a twofold conception, to supply power and water—two of the great necessities on the Australian continent. Although it will be some years before the whole task is completed, it is calculated that when finished Snowy will generate 3,000,000 kilowatts and produce food to the value of £25,000,000 each year from the irrigation of its water.

The Snowy River rises on the eastern slopes of Mount Kosciusko (7,313 ft.) in the Snowy Mountains. It flows through an area of adequate rainfall to the coast of eastern Victoria. For a long time it has been realised that the flow of this water into the sea is a waste which can be ill-afforded in the driest continent of the world.

Suggestions for the use of Snowy River were first made over seventy years ago. However, it was not until after the war that the Commonwealth Government started a series of investigations in the area, sometimes known as the Australian "Alps," from which emerged the practicable and most ambitious Snowy project.

Broadly, it divides into two main sections: the Snowy-Murray Rivers development from Jindabyne Reservoir and the Snowy–Tumut–Murrumbidgee Rivers development from the Adaminaby Reservoir. In addition to these main sections there are a number of subsidiary projects which ensure full hydro-electric development from the Upper Snowy and Upper Murrumbidgee Rivers and the network of tributaries which feed the Snowy, the Murray and the Murrumbidgee.



ROCK IS CLEARED AWAY: The truck in the background is loading rock by mechanical means from a "mucke In front of it the steel structure of the "jumbo" reveals one of its many functions. In the top of its which will be lowered to take the place of the truck at the face when it is loaded. By such efficiency the t

HOMES FOR WORKERS : A section of a prefabricated timber house is being hauled to Adaminaby. It is one of the thousands of dwellings required for the vast army of workers on the project in the Snowy mountains.

EQUIPMENT IS ISSUED : At an Eucumbene equipment store, Ted Wood (left) and Pat Myers issue Ted Plum, a mucker operator, with a coupler for mucker cable.

IN OPERATION : The 100-ft.-high Guthega Pond Dam is part of the hydro-electric station at Munyang already working.

TRANSPORT UNDER DIFFICULTIES : A bulldozer dragging a snow-sled drives its way through the turbulent waters of the River Tumut to take supplies to construction workers in an isolated camp.

The plans for the entire scheme involve the construction of seven major dams, and at least ten smaller dams ; eighty-five miles of tunnels, varying in diameter up to 40 ft. ; seventeen power stations (most of them underground) ; over 400 miles of racelines or aqueducts along the mountainsides, which will pick up streams and lead their waters to tunnels and reservoirs ; numerous shafts, some 1,100 ft. deep ; and hundreds of miles of mountain roads.

One subsidiary power station is already working. This is the Guthega station at Munyang, which was opened last April by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies. The main immediate task is now in the Snowy–Tumut section, in one of the tunnels of which the tunnelling record was recently established. Its main feature will be the Adaminaby Dam, which will be one of the largest in the world and store over eight times the volume of water in Sydney Harbour.

The firms holding contracts on the many sides of the work on the project include American, Norwegian and French. All kinds of the latest types of tools and machines are in use above and below ground. A colossal army of workers has been engaged, and it is said that there is "every nationality among them except Eskimos." Great care has been taken to provide the best possible living conditions, although some teams have of necessity to live in isolated conditions. Pay is good, with bonuses, and the introduction of American efficiency and incentive methods has undoubtedly speeded up the schedules.

In charge of the scheme is the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority, set up under an Act of the Federal Parliament in 1949. The cost is inevitably astronomical. But it is believed with justified confidence that when the scheme is fully working it will pay its way by the sale of electricity and by the uses to which available water is put by local authorities. One of its great advantages will be from the defence point of view. Dispersed and deep underground power stations will not be vulnerable.

…ker" at the tunnel face. …frame is another truck, …nnelling record was made.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL : The portal at Eucumbene is close by this group of buildings. Waters diverted by a dam will eventually cover the area. The staggering scope of Australia's Snowy Mountains project can be seen from the facts that it will comprise seven major dams and at least ten smaller ones, eighty-five miles of tunnels, seventeen power stations (most of them underground) and 400 miles of aqueducts.

DISNEYLAND

The Magic Children's Playground Created by Walt Disney Near Hollywood at a Cost of £6,000,000

OVER THE DRAWBRIDGE INTO FANTASYLAND : Children rush to get through the gates of Sleeping Beauty Castle which guards Fantasyland, part of the great Walt Disney playground. It has been under construction for a year, and cost nearly £6,000,000. About 60,000 visitors a day are expected.

THIS IS DISNEYLAND—60 ACRES OF CHILDREN'S DELIGHT : An aerial view of the vast park at Anaheim, California, extending over 60 acres. There are another 100 acres of car-parking facilities.

The man who created Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, and who has given abundant pleasure to the young of all ages with his animated cartoons, has used his fertile imagination to produce a children's wonderland almost literally "out of this world." Walt Disney's Disneyland at Anaheim, California, seems to contain all that the American young could possibly desire. There is Main Street, U.S.A., a nostalgic setting with 1890–1910 buildings, horse-drawn trams and fire-engines. Tomorrowland, with architecture of the future, interplanetary rocket to the moon, and a "freeway" with no traffic jams. Frontierland, with early settlers, Indians, a paddle-wheel steamboat, and a saloon bar. Adventureland takes the visitors through tropical rivers, and Fantasyland to Sleeping Beauty Castle and visits to Snow White, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan, Mr. Toad, and Lilliputian Land. And finally, to cap it all. is the biggest merry-go-round ever, the £35,000 King Arthur Carrousel.

THROUGH ADVENTURELAND BY BOAT : Visitors enter this realm of Disney's magic kingdom through a Tahitian setting, and then travel in these and other boats for a voyage of exploration over tropical rivers, past ports of call in Mexico, Central America, South America, Asia, and Australia, crossing the "Equator" en route.

NO TRAFFIC PROBLEMS ON THE FREEWAY OF TOMORROW : This is only one aspect of Tomorrowland. One of the features of this realm is the moon-flight rocket ride in a spaceship.

CREATURES OF WALT DISNEY'S IMAGINATION : Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck receive a fanfare of trumpets from medieval knights on horseback as they walk hand-in-hand from the Sleeping Beauty Castle of Fantasyland. Inside the Castle are Sleeping Beauty and other fairy-tale characters, ready to receive vistors.

DISNEYLAND EVEN HAS ITS OWN RAILWAY : The Santa Fé and Disneyland Railroad, with its shining Early American trains, which will regularly transport the visitors around the 60 acres.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL PRESENTS THE COLOURS TO THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY : Kneeling to receive the new colours are, right, Lieutenant F. H. B. Layfield (Queen's Colour) and Lieutenant J. S. Teakle (Regimental Colour). Behind the Queen, who made the presentation on the old Artillery Ground in Finsbury, London, stands the Colonel-Commandant of the H.A.C., Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne. This was the first occasion on which the Sovereign has presented new colours to the Company.

NEW COLOURS FOR THE H.A.C.

The Queen as Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, at the Unique Ceremony at Armoury House

A ceremony unique in the long and honoured history of the Honourable Artillery Company was enacted on the old Artillery Ground at Armoury House, Finsbury, last week. As Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Queen presented their new colours. This was not only the first time that the Sovereign has presented colours to the H.A.C., but it is also believed to be the first time that a reigning Sovereign has presented colours to a Territorial Army unit.

The volunteer nature of the H.A.C. was stressed by the Queen in her speech, when she paid tribute to those who gave voluntary service to defend the country. For more than 400 years the Company has provided volunteers in the City of London, and the Queen remarked on the aptness, in the present-day situation, of the regimental motto *Arma Pacis Fulcra*—arms are the props of peace.

The parade was worthy of the occasion. Under the command of Lieut.-Colonel H. F. A. Jackson were four companies of the H.A.C. Infantry Battalion, with a right flank battery of the 1st Regiment (R.H.A.) and a left flank battery of the 2nd Regiment (H.A.A.), and "G" Locating Battery. The climax of the parade was the Company's well-known round of "regimental fire," in which the rifle is held in the left hand as the right is moved to and fro across the body eight times to the shout of "Zay!" at each movement.

On left—

THE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS IS HONOURED : The Queen inspecting the company at the ceremony at Armoury House. She is accompanied by the company's Captain, Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Steele. Later, the Queen presented a Royal Warrant giving official recognition to the pikemen and musketeers of the H.A.C.

ROMEO IN THE PRECINCTS

In the Shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, Boys of the King's School Act Shakespeare's Tragedy

THE SETTING IN A DIGNITARY'S GARDEN : Some of the cast, which is drawn from boys of the King's School, Canterbury, rehearse in the garden close to the Cathedral, where *Romeo and Juliet* is being produced. Centre are Romeo and Juliet. On the right, other boys are putting finishing touches to the set. Standing below the ladder is Dr. Malcolm Burgess, of Downing College, Cambridge (wearing spectacles), an old boy of the school, who designed the sets and the costumes.

On left—

IN THE CLOISTERS : Walking through them on their way to perform are Mercutio (Oliver Davies, from Ealing) ; Juliet (John Underwood, of Otford, in Kent) ; and Romeo (Anthony Austen, of Cambridge)

THE BALCONY SCENE : Romeo woos Juliet during a rehearsal. Performances were given for six nights and the setting, in the garden of the Archdeacon of Canterbury, was floodlit. The director of the King's School production of *Romeo and Juliet* was Mr. R. W. Harris, one of the masters.

BEATING BOUNDS

Choristers are Stood on their Heads in an Ancient London Custom

CHOIR-BOYS ARE "BUMPED" IN A TRADITIONAL LONDON CEREMONY : *Left*—Colin Jeynes, of Eltham, a choir-boy from the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, is turned upside down and "bumped" in Temple Gardens by his fellow-choristers during the beating of the bounds of the Manor of the Savoy. *Right*—Another chorister of the Savoy Chapel, Barry Lambert, also of Eltham, undergoes a similar ordeal on the Thames Embankment near Cleopatra's Needle. The ceremony, which was held last week, was conducted by the Earl of Birkenhead, High Steward of the Manor of the Savoy. The procession went round the bounds of what was once the estate of the Manor, and at selected points boys were "bumped" in the cause of preserving an ancient Liberty. The Manor derives its name from Peter of Savoy, upon whom it was bestowed by King Henry III in 1246. Its estate lay between the river Thames and the street called "La Straunde," covering an area to-day between the Adelphi and the Temple. Later, it became a Royal palace.

A NEW WATER SUPPLY FOR SWANSEA

The Great Usk Reservoir at Trecastle, in Brecknockshire, which the Queen will Visit Next Week

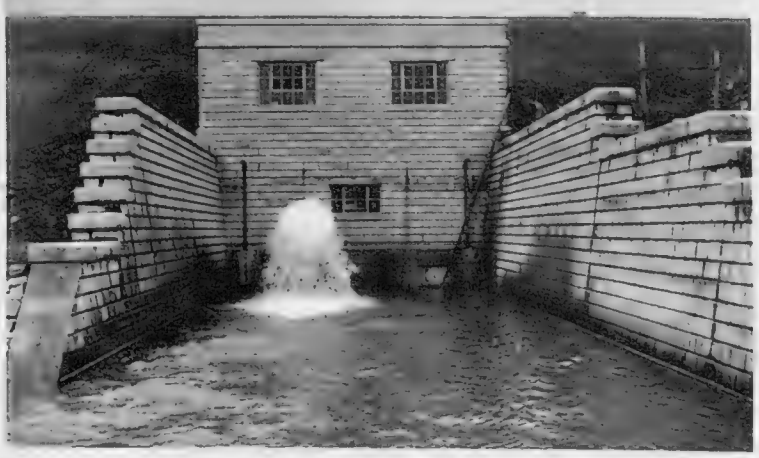
No less than 16,000,000 gallons a day will be added to the potential water supply of the city of Swansea when the Corporation's Reservoir, at Pentrebach, near Trecastle, in Brecknockshire, comes into use shortly. Next Saturday, August 6, during her visit to Wales, the Queen will inaugurate this great South Wales project at the head of the River Usk, into which the waters of the Nant Henwen are diverted.

Work on the reservoir began as long ago as January 1950, and is now virtually completed. With the diversion of the Nant Henwen and a number of smaller streams, the reservoir has a capacity at top water-level of 2,735,000,000 gallons. The water supply for Swansea is drawn off by a 7,300-ft. tunnel driven through the mountain Mynydd Myddfai. The tunnel inlet is on the north side of the reservoir at a point 900 yards upstream from the dam. From there it discharges into the outlet works at the beginning of the aqueducts, which measure more than 33 miles. The valve tower is formed by a circular shaft 16 ft. in diameter, surmounted by an octagonal valve control room, constructed in pre-cast concrete blocks. A 28-in. trunk main carries the water ten miles to the filtration plant near Llandilo, and thence to Swansea, about another twenty miles away. Altogether a project worthy of the honour the Queen is paying it.

A NEW RESERVOIR EMERGES AMONG THE VALLEYS AND HILLSIDES OF SOUTH WALES : The embankment and part of the Swansea Reservoir at Trecastle, Brecknockshire. The sheep and farms, which are so much a part of the scenery, remain despite the man-made changes around them. In the distance, at left, on the other side of the reservoir, can be seen the discharge tower. About 16,000,000 gallons a day will be added to Swansea's supply.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SPILLWAY : The stilling-pool of the Swansea Corporation's Usk Reservoir. At top water-level the new reservoir will hold 2,735,000,000 gallons of water from the Rivers Usk and Nant Henwen.

AN ARCHITECTURAL FEAT : The view towards the overflow weir from the down-stream side. Across the embankment runs a bridge, and to the left of it may be seen the recorder house for the Trecastle Reservoir.



TO BE INAUGURATED BY THE QUEEN NEXT WEEK : The spillway, seen above, resembles the track of a big-dipper at the fun fair. *On right*—The jet disperser house at the foot of the embankment. Compensation water is seen being discharged into the River Usk. At Brangwyn there is a float valve which automatically controls the main's discharge and compensates for variations in the rate of flow on to the filters. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit the new reservoir during their visit to Wales next week.

WHERE A GREAT BRITISH SAINT LANDED NEARLY 1,400 YEARS AGO : St. Columba's Bay, in the Island of Iona, off the West coast of Scotland, is traditionally believed to be where St. Columba landed from a coracle in the sixth century and converted the pagan population to Christianity. To-day, as a result of the vision of a Presbyterian Minister, Iona is attempting to recover the original spirit of its Irish Saint and has a flourishing community, in which members of all the Christian Communions are invited to worship together.

ST. COLUMBA'S ISLAND

On Iona, in the Hebrides, a Unique Twentieth-century Community is Recovering the Christian Spirit Brought there by One of the First British Saints

LISTENING to the beat of the waves and the crying of sea birds on Iona, which faces the Atlantic under the mountainous coast off the Scottish Highlands, it is hard to believe that on the rocky soil of this Hebridean isle Saint Columba preached Christianity nearly 1,400 years ago.

He converted the heathen Picts of Caledonia by peace when they had withstood the legions of foreign Powers in war. And he did his job so well that to this day stands here the only Abbey Church in the world which people of every denomination can call home and which any religious body can use for its full act of worship.

THE FOUNDER : The Rev. George F. MacLeod, M.C., D.D., resigned from his church in Glasgow in 1938 to start the all-embracing Christian community of Iona.

But my reason for coming to Iona was not so much to absorb history as to see it repeating itself—with a Glasgow minister taking the place of St. Columba, with around him a body of people known as the Iona Community.

Apart from the fact that this community had some connection with the Church of Scotland, and with the restoration of the famous Abbey Church, I had little idea what its purpose was. Yet within minutes of joining it I was finding out—by peeling potatoes, dish-washing, and going for the milk.

Anyone who comes as a guest to Iona is expected to work, for this is a community without servants. Every man *is* a servant, a state of affairs that makes for comradeship and easy conversation. You cannot stand on your dignity when you are scrubbing out the wash-houses.

To get the background of the Iona Community you have to meet grey-haired Dr. George F. MacLeod, M.C., D.D., who resigned his church in the Govan district of Glasgow and, with six other ministers of the Church of Scotland, went to St. Columba's Isle in 1938 to found the community in an effort to discover how the teachings of Celtic Christianity could keep pace with a rapidly changing social order and so become once more a living force.

Dr. MacLeod, very much a realist, faced the problem that three-quarters of the population of Scotland no longer go to church and that almost the whole work of the ministry is devoted to the spiritual needs of the other quarter.

What was wanted, he felt, was a missionary crusade in the manner of Saint Columba, who founded his teaching on the relationship between work and worship.

"To work is to worship," said the Saint. So Dr. MacLeod went as a builder to Iona, where the partially restored ruins of the famous Abbey Church needed to be rebuilt. To re-create the message of Columba and apply its work-and-worship principles to modern life, to distil it through workshops and factories, housing and industrial belts—this would be work for the heart. The new-found Iona Community sought ministers fresh from Divinity Halls, boys and girls reaching manhood, industrial workers and craftsmen, churchmen from all walks of life. And it got them.

AT THE COMMUNION TABLE : In the Abbey Church, restored by the labour of the Iona Community, Dr. MacLeod and his servers stand behind the Communion Table during a Sunday Celebration.

A TENTH-CENTURY CROSS : A member of the community explains to visitors the symbolism of the 1,000-year-old Cross of St. Martin.

The men I stayed among at Iona were ministers, tradesmen and (like myself) curious guests. Around me were people back from China, the Gold Coast, Pakistan, Australia, America and Sweden, giving a picture of the world so stimulating that I, who had merely come to observe, found myself opening my mouth in debate.

The minister-members of the community come fresh each summer from their divinity training, and for the three months of summer they labour at the rebuilding of the Abbey and take part in services, prayers and lectures, and in discussions on every subject of social import, so that they are fitted for two years' special training in industrial or new housing areas to which they are committed by coming here.

Each day is crammed with activities. While craftsmen, ministers and guests were building with stone and wood within and without the magnificent old Abbey, lectures were taking place on theology, industry and the Christian influence in trade unionism as a combat to Communist infiltration. And north and south, in

THE CHURCH WHICH WELCOMES ALL CHRISTIANS : In front of the restored Abbey, in which the Iona Community worships, are the ruins of the medieval chapel of St. Oran. In the graveyard in the foreground are reputedly buried forty Scottish and several other kings.

REBUILDING THE CLOISTERS : Young ministers from Scotland, Australia and America are working together on the completion of the restoration of the famous Abbey on the island. Round the Church centres the community's life.

THE VILLAGE STREET : On one side are houses and on the other gardens. Apart from the community, the population of Iona to-day numbers eighty. Each inhabitant has his own small herd of cattle and flock of sheep, with sufficient land to provide a reasonable living. And in summer there are many visitors.

AN IONA CRAFTSMAN : He is on the task of shaping stones from old houses so that they can be used in the restoration of the Abbey.

CAMPERS ON THE ISLAND : On a high point in Iona a party of campers—one of many which come each summer—plans its programme.

WHERE "PIETY GROWS WARMER" : Campers arrive in Iona. Behind is the Abbey Church. Under the inspiration of Dr. MacLeod, Iona can still claim to be among the first Christian strongholds of Britain. Perhaps the spirit has always been there, for Dr. Johnson noted "That man is little to be envied . . . whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

two camps, were about eighty of the happiest and noisiest boys and girls I have ever met, playing football, swimming and exploring—those same boys and girls I had come across engrossed in Bible study around their tents and seen at worship in the Abbey.

The Abbey is the outward expression of an idea. It was a year since I had last seen it, and I was astonished at the progress that had been made in the interval—progress made possible not only by hard work, but by gifts of money and materials from all parts of the world.

The Refectory, built with New Zealand money and timber given from Norway, is a small masterpiece of building decoration, superbly furnished with massive oak tables and forms. America gave the money for the Cloisters, and South Africa a donation for St. Michael's Chapel.

How has the Iona Community fared in its sixteen years of life ? Has it succeeded in its task of missioning, calling back people to the faith ? Or has it failed ?

Certainly it has not failed. From a group of ten members in 1938 there are now eighty-nine full members of the community, some 800 associates, and more than 6,000 friends. Associates and members are pledged to devotional discipline as well as to church and public work ; friends give 5s. each per year, while each full member of the community gives a proportion of his disposable income as well as other pledges.

Each June juvenile delinquents from Borstal who come here can taste a measure of freedom.

Most of us deplore the state of the world and do nothing about it. Saint Columba in his day did what the Iona Community is trying to do now. It is wedding Christianity to everyday life by asserting (in action) that the Christian philosophy is basically related not merely to life hereafter, but to life here and now.

Tom Weir.

HUMOUR AND HORROR

The Touring Stratford Company Gives London a Shakespeare Comedy and the Tragedy of King Lear

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING": In the production by the touring Shakespeare Memorial Theatre company at the Palace Theatre, London, are, from left, Hero (Judith Stott); Ursula (Helen Cherry); Margaret (Moira Lister) and Beatrice (Peggy Ashcroft). This was one of the plays the company performed with such success during its recent tour of Continental theatrical festivals.

Until September 17, London audiences can enjoy the performances in alternate weeks of the two plays with which the touring Shakespeare Memorial Theatre company has been delighting the Continent. The plays are *Much Ado About Nothing* and *King Lear*. The casts for both are strong. In the first Sir John Gielgud plays the lead with Peggy Ashcroft. In the second Gielgud is Lear and Claire Bloom is Cordelia. Others in both plays include George Devine (who directs *King Lear*), Moira Lister and Helen Cherry. In *Lear* the sets and costumes are by the Japanese sculptor Isamu Noguchi.

DON PEDRO: Anthony Ireland has the part of the Prince of Aragon in the current performances of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* in London.

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE: Sir John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft. Sir John also directs. Decor and costumes have been designed by Mariano Andreu.

SIR JOHN GIELGUD'S FOURTH KING LEAR: From left are—Fool (David O'Brien), Lear (Sir John Gielgud) and Kent (Anthony Nicholls). *Lear* alternates with *Much Ado* in the current season at the Palace Theatre. It is the fourth time in his career Sir John has played King Lear.

TWO FOOLISH OFFICERS: Verges (David O'Brien), on the left, and Dogberry (George Devine), on the right, with Leonato (Anthony Nicholls) in one of their scenes at the Palace Theatre.

"SHE'S DEAD AS EARTH": Lear mourns over Cordelia (Claire Bloom). Left, back to camera, is Kent (Anthony Nicholls), partly hiding Albany (Raymond Westwell). Centre is a Knight (Powys Thomas) and, right, is Edgar (Richard Easton).

MISS PAT SMYTHE AND PRINCE HAL BACK TO BRILLIANT FORM: They soar over a jump during the Daily Mail Cup competition, the final contest between the winners of the previous events. Miss Smythe rode brilliantly to gain this White City triumph.

AN ITALIAN VICTORY IN THE KING GEORGE V CUP: Lieut.-Colonel Cartasegne, on the grey Brando, at the International Horse Show at the White City This combination won the King's Cup, gaining a clear win at the first barrage. Later they were members of the team victorious in the Prince of Wales' Cup. Colonel Cartasegne is the first Italian to win the individual riders' trophy since 1939.

THE TEAM JUMPING EVENT GOES ABROAD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX YEARS: The Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, presenting the Prince of Wales Cup to Colonel Gutierrez, the non-riding captain of the Italian team which won the trophy for teams. Behind is the Italian team, Captain P. D'Inzeo, on Uruguay; Lieut.-Colonel Cartasegne on Brando; Captain Oppes on Pagoro, and Lieutenant R. D'Inzeo on Merano.

ITALIAN WINS AT WHITE CITY

Their Team and Individual Victories at the International Horse Show were Balanced by the Pre-eminence of Britain's Horsewomen

This year's International Horse Show at the White City may have lacked some of the outstanding great names of past years or spectacularly close finishes, but there was some brilliant jumping. No one doubted that the Italian team fully deserved their victory in the Prince of Wales Cup for international teams. The Italian win was all the more meritorious in that Brando, a fine grey, was tired from his efforts on the previous day when, under Lieut.-Colonel Cartasegne, he won the King George V Cup. This is the first time that Great Britain has failed to win the team event since 1948, and the Italian victory has come as a salutary shock to those who assumed that another Gold Medal automatically awaited British riders at the Olympic Games at Melbourne next year. British women, however, restored failing confidence. Miss Pat Smythe did so in dramatic fashion by winning the *Daily Mail* Cup on her trusted mount, Prince Hal. Miss Smythe showed that she has lost nothing of her skill. The young British rider Miss Dawn Palethorpe and Earlsrath Rambler did not disappoint the large number of admirers they have gained this year. Although her mount must have been tiring from his exertions in recent weeks, Miss Palethorpe nursed him carefully tc bring him the unofficial title of leading horse of the Show

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD HAS HIS FOURTH SUCCESSIVE WIN: A. Makin, of Fairburn, Leeds, winning the Juvenile Championship at White City for the fourth year running, on Springbok.

MY GOODNESS—MY HAT! Bones crashes into a fence and Major R. Dallas loses his cap. But they were later selected to be members of the British Show Jumping team in Dublin next week.

THE LEADING HORSE AT THE SHOW AND HIS BRILLIANT YOUNG RIDER: Earlsrath Rambler, under Miss Dawn Palethorpe, participating in the Prince of Wales Cup competition as members of the British team. This outstanding pair won the Queen Elizabeth II Cup.

HEADS OF EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES AT CAMBRIDGE : *Above*—Lord Tedder, Chancellor of the University, is followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, who, as Patron, delivered the inaugural address at the Conference of European University Rectors and Vice-Chancellors at Cambridge last week. Behind the Duke is the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, Mr. H. U. Willink, the Master of Magdalene College. *Above, right*—The Italian delegation to the conference show by their robes that Italy also has a medieval tradition in her universities.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A FAMOUS SHIP JOINS THE NAVY : *Discovery* lies alongside the Thames Embankment, just above Blackfriars Bridge, in central London. This great wooden barque was built for Captain Scott's first expedition to the South Pole in 1901. She returned to the Antarctic in 1916 when she went to the aid of Shackleton's ill-fated attempt at a trans-Antarctic crossing. After a varied career she was presented in 1938 to the Boy Scouts' Association, who have recently given her to the Navy. She will now be used for R.N.V.R. training and recruiting purposes.

On right—

THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY : Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is speaking aboard the *Discovery* during the ceremony in which she was handed over to the Navy by the Boy Scouts' Association. Seated behind the First Lord is the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan. The famous old ship has been reconditioned and refitted to undertake her duties with the Navy as H.M.S. *Discovery*.

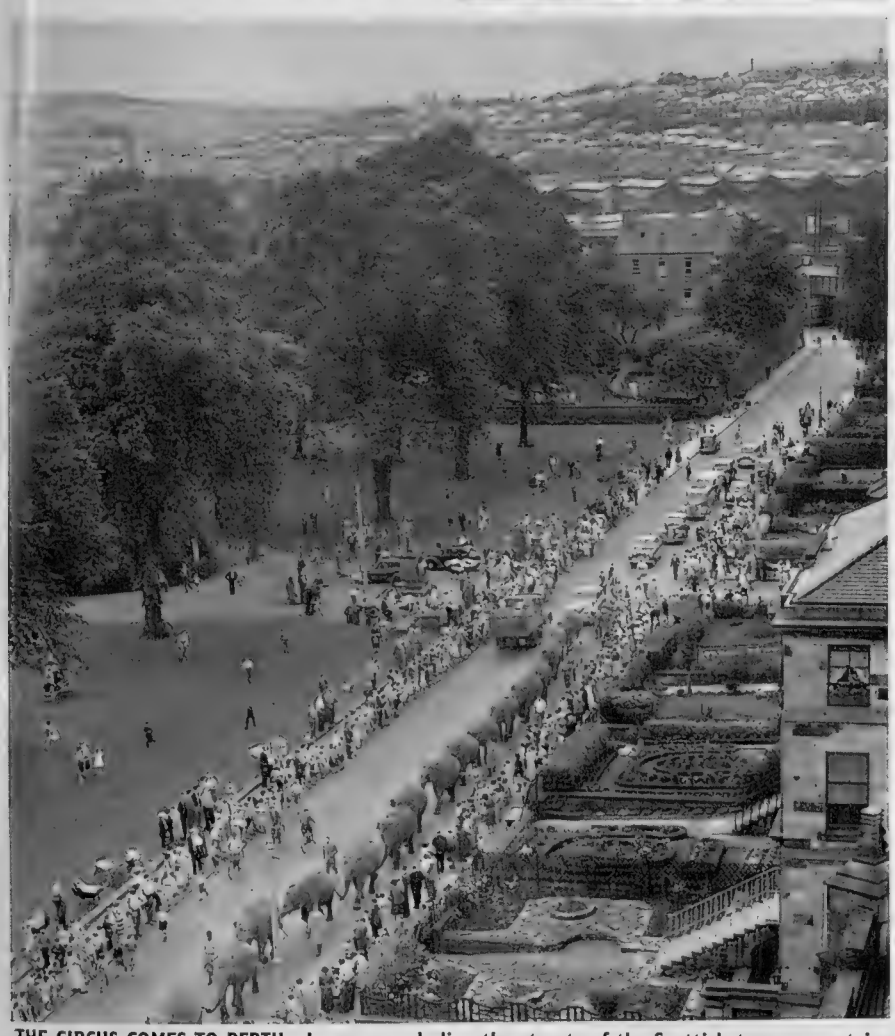
MOTOR MAGNATES IN SHIRTSLEEVES : Sir Leonard Lord (standing) and Lord Nuffield (seated, second from the left) are among those who have taken off their coats at a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, in London. The occasion was the Golden Jubilee Dinner of Austin Motors. It was Sir Leonard who suggested that owing to the heat the company remove their coats during the banquet

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE TOWER OF LONDON : Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler stands outside his official residence after taking up his appointment as Governor. With him are seen, from left, W. H. Buckland (Yeoman Gaoler), A. C. Griffin (Yeoman Warder) and L. A. Ellis (Yeoman Clerk).

THE GROUNDS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ARE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC : The occasion was a Commonwealth Exhibition and Market, a two-day function which commemorated the Commonwealth tour by the Queen in 1954. The Exhibition was held in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association.

On right—
THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS MARLBOROUGH HOUSE : She is seen with Mrs. Pandit, watching a performance by Indian dancers at the Commonwealth Exhibition.

Above and *on right*—RADAR ON THE ROOF-TOPS : A new frill for the London skyline has come into being on the roof of the Meteorological Office in Kingsway. It is a radar-scanner, which can record raindrops, snowflakes, hailstones or the presence of storms up to a distance of 250 miles. Once the source of the rain or snow has been pinpointed, the revolving head of the scanner allows it to follow the course of the bad weather. For a more detailed study of local conditions the instrument, which has cost £5,000, can be set to scan an area of fifty miles radius. If this instrument is found to be successful in providing advance forecasts of rain or snow, similar equipment will be installed in other densely-populated areas of the country to give an overall coverage.



THE CIRCUS COMES TO PERTH : Large crowds line the streets of the Scottish town as a string of elephants from Chipperfield's Circus trudge majestically down Marshall Place on their way to the "big top" on the South Inch. Holidaymakers were among the spectators.

PREPARING FOR A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD IN AN UNORTHODOX CRAFT : Major Ian V. Major is seen (second from left) supervising work on the cruising sloop in which he plans to sail round the world. The boat, the *Buttercup*, is being prepared for her journey at the yards of her builders, Rowhedge Iron Works, at Rowhedge, near Colchester. The boat was originally built in 1937, and for her forthcoming cruise is being fitted with a built-in cockpit. One of the unique features of the *Buttercup* is her two keels. Major Major plans to start his 140-day voyage in the autumn this year.

THE WARMEST WINTER RESORT IN SPAIN : The promenade with its palm trees runs by the harbour at Alicante on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. The autumn visitor will find plenty of sunshine. The town, which was once the fortress capital of Valencia, is rich in orange-groves and gardens, but is little known to tourists.

AUTUMN HOLIDAYS

Suggestions for September and October Range from Spanish Sunshine through Germany and Switzerland to Yugoslavia and Italy

By GORDON COOPER

SEPTEMBER and October still remain an ideal period for a holiday abroad. There is crispness in the air, harmony in the landscape, and the summer visitors have departed, with a consequent improvement in hotel services. Here are a few suggestions.

One can do much worse than start by considering Spain, which this year has seen a record invasion of British visitors. In autumn on the Valencian shore—the stretch of Mediterranean coastline between Valencia and Alicante—you will find palms, orange-groves and rich gardens, lots of sunshine and perfect bathing. Strangely enough, this delightful part of the country remains practically undiscovered by tourists.

Miss Rose Macaulay in *Fabled Shore* considers Denia (half-way between Valencia and Alicante) the most attractive place on the Iberian seaboard, "the one in which I would most gladly spend my days." The place is haunted by an exciting past, for although only a small town to-day it was once immensely rich, prosperous and populated. However, I must point out that there are only three simple hotels, which charge 15s. a day, including all meals. Still, for those who are content to browse among the relics of ancient civilisations, bathe, take interesting inland walks, and perhaps venture out on moonless nights with the fishing boats, it is a richly rewarding centre.

For those desiring more hotel comfort, I would suggest either Calpe or Benidorm, both lying further south along the coast. In the case of Calpe, the pleasant Hotel de Ifach is over a mile away, standing beside a fine sandy beach which is dominated by a mysterious, towering, 1,200-ft. rock—the Penon de Ifach—which rises steeply from the sea. There are also glorious beaches at Benidorm, where the Hotel Costa Blanca can be recommended.

I would emphasise that there are no sophisticated pleasures along this coast, outside of Valencia and, to a lesser extent, Alicante. The former is one of the most prosperous, modern and up-to-date cities in Spain; while Alicante (Hotel Victoria) retains a typical languorous appeal and is the warmest winter resort in the country. Some readers may like to know that in the vicinity of Alicante furnished houses and bungalows can be rented during the winter months at very low prices, but enquiries must be made on the spot. There is also the added attraction of modestly paid servants.

Both Valencia and Alicante can be reached by air services from Madrid; also by train from the capital. Then there is direct coastal railway connection between Barcelona and Valencia. The latter city is linked with Alicante by bus services and, less recommended, a railway. Yet another approach to these two ports is by coastal steamer service from Barcelona. And it is worth mentioning that there are freighters (some carrying passengers) sailing from England and Channel ports to Valencia. Cook's or Informal Travels (45, Queensway, London, W.2) can supply detailed information.

Not everyone, of course, wants the simple life on holiday, so, in contrast, my second suggestion is Tangier. In recent fiction and films this tiny North African territory has been maligned. In reality it is a most attractive and lively spot. There are excellent hotels to suit all purses—the El Minzah and the Hermitage are two I can recommend—there are magnificent beaches, and the shops include many equal to some of the best in Switzerland and Paris. Night clubs are inexpensive, taxis very reasonable, and as Tangier is a free port many goods, including drinks and cigarettes, are available at their lowest prices. Even the Kasbah is about as clean as any native quarter can be made, and it is quite safe to wander through, even at night. I found, too, during a recent visit, that I was not pestered by touts and beggars, which is an unpleasant feature in many other centres of North Africa.

Tangier can be easily and quickly reached, for B.E.A. operate a weekly night service between London and Gibraltar (£35 return), whence you can either fly over to Tangier by Gibraltar Airways (£3 9s. return), or travel by sea on a Bland Line steamer (£2 return).

For those seeking a mountain-cum-lake holiday the international Bodensee (Lake of Constance) is hard to beat, for comfort, beauty and interest. There is a network of steamer services which enable the visitor to make various excursions. On the German lakeside Überlingen, Meersburg and Lindau are the resorts I would especially recommend—the last-named being the gayest, for it has a fashionable gambling casino. It is also a good centre from which to explore the Allgäu Alps, to the east, while Bregenz, in Austria, is only five miles distant. This Austrian lakeside port is the entrance into Vorarlberg, a delightful region which deserves to be better known, not only for its beautiful countryside and typical villages, but also for the costumes worn by the women on Sundays and festivals. They are among the loveliest in Europe.

Much of the inner town in Lindau is medieval and picturesque. I once stayed at the Gasthof Stift, in the Stiftsplatz, and found it admirable; on a higher grade is the Hotel Reutemann, which looks out over the lake. A quieter spot is Lochau, just across the Austrian frontier, where the Hotel Schloss Hofen, an ancient castle (but modernised), ranks among my own three-star establishments. Then, at the other end of the lake is the luxury-class Hotel Insel, housed in an old Dominican convent and standing by the water's edge.

Meersburg, too, is an enchanting little town, with towers, gates and old houses, lying picturesquely on a steep vine-clad slope. Dominating the town is the Old Castle, with a medieval keep, which stands on a rock in the upper town. Should you visit this resort, then drink some of its famous wine, the "Meersburger Weissherbst" being perhaps the best known. It is a perfect complement to the tender, local fish, such as *Blaufelchen*, *Seeforelle* and *Sandfelchen*.

The Swiss side of the main lake is dotted with industrial towns, and it is only when you pass through a narrow channel separating Kreuzlingen and Constance—the former Swiss, the latter German—and enter into the Untersee that you find pleasant places in which to stay. My first choice would be the Hotel Glarisegg, near Steckborn; while two other pleasing hotels, both housed in ancient buildings, are the Adler at Ermatingen, and the Drachenburg at Gottlieben. Further west, on the Upper Rhine which leads out of the Untersee, there is Stein-am-Rhein, one of the loveliest medieval towns in Switzerland, and the ancient Hotel Rheinfels, famous for its fish dishes, is an idyllic place in which to lodge. Travelling by air from London to Basle, you could get there between lunch and dinner.

My holiday suggestion for Yugoslavia is Opatija, most northerly of the seaside resorts on the Dalmatian coast. It can be reached quite easily from London by the Simplon–Orient Express, the journey taking under thirty hours. For people bent on an ordinary seaside holiday with excellent hotels, restaurants and cafés, with good bathing beaches and plenty of bright lights and dance music, it is certainly a fine place. They can enjoy its sophisticated life and its excellent climate, they can walk in its parks and promenades and have a typical, smart Riviera holiday—at half the price they would pay on the Rivieras of France and Italy. I can recommend the *de luxe* Hotel Kvarner which attained international fame in Italian days (Opatija was then called Abbazia) under the name of Quarnero. Its huge chandeliers and large public rooms offer a reminiscent charm of a period that has passed. Its service and meals are both on a standard not found elsewhere in Yugoslavia. For a quieter holiday there is Lovran, a few miles away.

For island-lovers, I have another suggestion to offer in this part of Yugoslavia: Rab, the most famous of the northern islands. It is reached in about four hours' cruising from Rijeka. The old town, its walls intact, rivals Dubrovnik in attractiveness and it has plenty to offer to the visitor apart from its beautiful buildings and other medieval survivals. The Imperial Hotel is the largest, in its own garden and with lovely views over the sea, but there are others. It is possible, quite inexpensively, to hire motor-boats to take you to villages along the coast, such as Barbat where you can have an excellent meal of its famed lobster and white wine in the little open-air restaurant. Bathing here continues until October.

My last suggestion for an autumn holiday is Italy, where I waver between Sicily (at its best) and Rome. For those who favour Sicily there is an excellent leisurely tour of this fascinating island organised by Lammin Tours (67, Blenheim Terrace, London, N.W.8).

All through the summer Rome is hot, crowded with tourists, and exhausting. In the autumn, however, there is an invigorating tang in the air, and sightseeing becomes a pleasure. The weather, too, is almost always sunny. I am convinced this is an ideal time to visit the Eternal City—the most complete and, as far as I am concerned, the most satisfying capital in Europe. In ten days or a fortnight's stay there one can only hope to skim some of its delights. But where else in the world are there delights which waken the heart and refresh the soul to approach those one finds in Rome?

ON THE GERMAN SIDE OF LAKE CONSTANCE : The inner town of Lindau is medieval. For those seeking a mountains-and-lake holiday Lake Constance is excellent. Its waters divide Germany from Switzerland, and Austria is near by.

THE VENETIAN SCENE : This picture of one of the smaller canals epitomises Venice. The boatman manipulating his craft in gondolier fashion passes under one of the innumerable bridges with which the city's waterways are studded.

THE "HIGH ROAD" OF VENICE : The Grand Canal is the main waterway of the city. Winding for nearly 2½ miles and at times 230 ft. wide, it passes some 200 marble palaces in Gothic or Lombardesque style as well as a number of magnificent churches. By moonlight it is incomparable.

GONDOLIERS IN THE MAKING : Inevitably the youth of Venice takes to the water at an early age. Although motor-launches are now widely used, it is unlikely that the gondola, with its romantic appeal, will ever be entirely superseded.

"CITY OF ISLANDS"

Venice, cut by its Many Canals into a Number of Small Islands, Presents Endless Ideal Pictures for the Tourist with a Camera

If one looks down on Venice from an aeroplane at an extreme height, one has the impression of studying a relief map of a group of islands and islets. This is because of the canals which intersect the city at innumerable angles and divide it into a unique collection of waterbound citadels. Into the Grand Canal—which runs in the shape of an inverse "S" for about 2½ miles, and in any other city would be "High Street"—tributaries empty themselves every few hundred yards—Rio di S. Giuliano, Rio di S. Barnaba, Rio di SS. Apostoli, and many, many others of holy and profane nomenclature. There are more than 150 small canals in the city.

Because of its extraordinary situation, Venice is an ideal ground for the tourist with a camera. Where else in the world are the main thoroughfares not solid surfaces but waterways? Where else in the world can one literally glide past palaces, churches and houses, almost every one of which merits a considerable mention by Baedeker? Where else in the world can one be transported in that most romantic of all vehicles from land or water—the gondola, with its traditionally dressed oarsman, the gondolier?

The answer of course is: nowhere else but Venice. But the photographer who would take his pictures from a gondola, or from one of the motor launches which nowadays abound on the canals, must be very expert and he is better advised to take the alternative form of transport open to him—to use his legs and walk.

If he does this he will discover Venice in the most rewarding of manners. He will come upon odd little canals. These are narrow, short streams, but each of them contains history. Yet they are modern. They are still the normal highways of Venice. Along them come barges with merchandise, boats with produce, even, perhaps, a wedding or a funeral. Away from the Grand Canal, he is seeing the Venetians living their lives in the manner which was followed by their ancestors when the Republic was the largest Empire Italy has ever known, save Immortal Rome, and the bastion of the faith of Christ against Pagan Islam.

Walking, and using his camera, through the narrow streets, named Calle, Calleta or Calesalla, he can arrive at the Fondamenta, or promenades, by the Grand Canal, and be at the side of the world's best-known waterway. He looks and he sees the amazing panoramas which are immortalised on the canvases of the so aptly named Canaletto.

No one can advise the photographer in Venice on the subjects which he should take. This is entirely a personal choice. But of one thing one can be certain—no visitor with a camera will come away without many rolls of films which will be unique in the sense that they could have been taken nowhere else in the world.

ON THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO : People meet or sit or buy packets of maize to feed the pigeons in a setting without equal in the world. Around them rise noble palaces and the wonderful marble façade of the Cathedral of St. Mark.

TRADE IS CARRIED ON BY WATER : Vehicles cannot drive through the "city of islands," so the canals are used for practical purposes as well as for seeing the splendours of Venice. Here boats and barges are conveying goods and merchandise. Even wedding and funeral processions go by water.

THE MACABRE JOKE OF A SICILIAN PRINCE : One of the sculptured caricatures which adorn the Villa Palagonia at Bagheria, near Palermo. The story goes that 200 of these fantastic monstrosities were built by a Prince of Palagonia in the early eighteenth century to revenge himself on his unfaithful wife, who had to live among them.

A REMINDER AND A CAUTION : Some of the caricatures in the gardens and on the walls which surround the Villa Palagonia. They are said to represent some of the lovers of the Prince's unfaithful wife, and played the dual roles of reminding the Princess of her follies and of frightening any further visitors away from the house.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE

The Monstrous Sculptured Caricatures at the Villa Palagonia, in Sicily, Recall an Eighteenth-century Story of Deceit and Revenge

About eight miles from Palermo, the capital of Sicily, stands the sizeable country town of Bagheria. The guide-books will tell visitors that the town contains the now deserted villas of many Sicilian nobles. Each, no doubt, has its own history, but few can have as fantastic a tale to tell as the Villa Palagonia.

The Prince of Palagonia lived early in the eighteenth century in what was then a magnificent palace. He was an extremely rich Prince, but also one of the most ugly men in all Italy. No one would associate with him, for few could bear the sight of his repulsive features. Then one day, to everyone's astonishment, he married one of the most beautiful women of the time, Gioacchinia Maria Gaetani, daughter of the Duke Luigi Gaetani.

For months after the wedding the palace was filled with music, laughter and gaiety, and all went well until at last the Prince discovered that his beautiful wife was carrying her duties as hostess too far. To his horror the Prince found out that his wife was also the mistress of many of the men who accepted his hospitality. So enraged was he by the discovery of his wife's infidelity that he was unable to sleep for weeks. Then he found an ally in the person of a Dominican monk, Tommasso di Napoli, the most brilliant architect in Sicily at that time. Together they conceived the idea of shutting the Princess completely away from the outside world and surrounding her with frightfully distorted sculptured caricatures of her former lovers. In the gardens of the palace and on top of the high walls which surrounded the estate they erected more than 200 such statues. So revolting were they that all whose gaze fell upon them turned away in horror.

The town fathers of Bagheria insisted that a sign be erected on the road which led to the palace, warning expectant mothers to stay away for fear their children be born with the same malformations and distortions as the statues. On the death of the Prince, unsuccessful efforts were made to have the statues removed. They still stand to-day, more amusing than terrifying to the twentieth-century beholder.

ANIMALS AS WELL AS MEN COME IN FOR DISTORTION : This family of griffins with contorted faces is among the statues which once horrified visitors.

GOETHE SAW THEM WHEN THEY WERE NEW : The great German poet described the Prince's palace as a House of Whimsy. Barely fifty years after the caricatures had been erected they were considered a great sightseeing attraction.

NO MERCY WAS SHOWN TO THE SUBJECTS : Five eyes adorn the neckless caricature *on the left*. The decaying stonework has accentuated the physical distortions of that *on the right*.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY APPROACH TO THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MONSTROSITIES : Children play happily outside the gates of the Villa Palagonia. When the caricatures were first erected the town fathers of Bagheria insisted on a sign on the road to the palace giving warning of the monstrosities ahead.

THE LADY IT WAS ALL ABOUT : A statue of the Princess herself, clutching in one hand a leering serpent, while from the other side her husband gazes reproachfully at her.

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It's certainly not too late to book your holiday in Germany! During the long sunshine hours of September and October, fun and hospitality continues with colourful vintage festivals, folklore pageants, lake and river cruises, also famous music and Opera performances. Thift Season travel costs even less in Autumn. For details apply to any recognized Travel Agent.

Further advice and brochures obtainable from:

German Tourist Information Bureau

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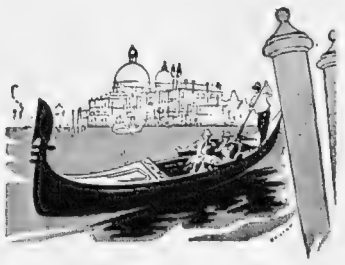

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SCOTLAND'S TRADITION

An Important Survey of Scots Poetry; Chekhov's Letters; "A Most Exciting Figure in Music"; Three New Simenons; and Other New Books from Home and Abroad

DR. JAMES KINSLEY has edited a critical survey of SCOTTISH POETRY (Cassell. 30s.), an important work which includes ten authoritative essays and a note on Scottish Gaelic poetry. Among the contributors and essayists are such distinguished names as Sir James Fergusson, Robert Dewar and the late Agnes Mure Mackenzie. The latter wrote on the Renaissance poets, both Scots and English, from the time of James IV. of Scotland to Montrose, whose life and death were charged "with the very essence of great poetry," and who wrote that perfect quatrain "that was for him no brag":

He either fears his Fate too much
Or his Deserts are small
That puts it not unto the Touch,
To win or lose it all.

An important book for students of the Scots tradition and, even to an unregenerate Sassenach, a volume full of treasures.

I don't know why it should surprise me, but it does, that Miss Lillian Hellman should have edited THE SELECTED LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.), an extremely welcome collection, sympathetically translated from the Russian by Sidonie Lederer. Perhaps, though, it is natural that the playwright who wrote *The Little Foxes* and *The Watch on the Rhine* should have had a lifelong admiration for this great dramatist, great story-writer and, by this showing, great writer of letters.

"Chekhov was a pleasant man," Miss Hellman writes in her introduction, "witty and wise and tolerant and kind, with nothing wishy-washy in his kindness nor self-righteous in his tolerance, and his wit was not ill-humoured." The letters she has chosen show him in all these lights. We see him as a young man of twenty-five, a middle-aged man in love, a man of the theatre (there are several letters to Stanislavski), a family man, an "*homme des lettres*"—the phrase is his own—and a friend of his contemporary writers, including Tolstoy. I like Chekhov and I like these letters, and I hope you will, too.

LISZT (Cassell. 30s.) is a reissue of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's study of the musician, that first appeared more than twenty years ago and which now has a new introduction, notes and illustrations. Liszt the great virtuoso, the champion of Wagner and the disciple of Paganini, the first modern conductor and the appreciator of Russian music, is seen in these pages. And so is Liszt the lover, the enthusiast, the *abbé* who found his appointment in Holy Orders no obstacle to his many friendships with women. The biography re-reads wonderfully well and I like Mr. Sitwell's feeling for the man of whom he writes: ". . . one of the noblest, most unselfish, and most exciting figures in music."

Mr. John Lodwick is a writer whose worth I have discerned and tried to make known with each successive book he has published. The trouble is that he is a writer's writer, and as such he invariably exasperates reviewers. He seems incapable of creating a character which does not come vibrantly alive: he has an ear for dialogue more attuned to the modern idiom than most novelists writing to-day; he can handle action and suspense as surely as the best of the masters, and at the same time he can throw all these gifts to the four winds with a deplorable lack of technique in the construction of a novel.

In THE STARLESS NIGHT (Heinemann. 15s.) he deploys his gifts to the full and, for once, has paid enough attention to the construction of his story not only to make it his best novel so far, but one of the best stories of adventure and high and low life in and around Spain which I have read for a long time. One of the most memorable of his creations was Thornton in *Somewhere a Voice is Calling*. In the present book he carries him on through a series of exploits in which he can gratify to the full his urge for self-destruction.

I have always thought that a Lodwick novel is a rich experience: this one is certainly value for the money.

MAIGRET AND THE YOUNG GIRL (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.) is a book with the great advantages of being by Simenon, and concerning his most memorable creation, Inspector Maigret, whose exploits invariably show, as well as a mastery of technique, a brilliantly active mind in a ponderously moving body. The present case, the murder of an unknown girl in Montmartre, is baffling, original and only to be solved by our thick-set friend, who proceeds, as always, by intuition as well as by method.

DANGER AHEAD (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) includes two of Simenon's complete stories of his usual length. The first, *Red Lights*, is set in Long Island and is of a different type from the Maigret series. The principal character is a man who has a periodic craving for drink, which overcomes him one week-end when he is driving his wife out to the country to pick up their children for the summer holidays. There is a night of horror, in which an escaped Sing Sing prisoner features, and an ending which is inevitable without being obvious. I cannot remember any Simenon story in which the tension is more constantly maintained than in this.

The setting of the other is also American. *The Watchmaker of Everton* is about a middle-aged, tranquil widower who has brought up his boy with great care and affection, and discovers one day, with scarcely any warning that the boy has taken his car, run away with a girl, killed another man, stolen *his* car and is on the run. He also discovers that through all the years of the boy's childhood and adolescence, he must have been a complete stranger to him. This again is new ground for Simenon, but then Simenon is perpetually breaking fresh ground and in that lies one of the secrets of his strength as a writer, and as an infinitely shrewd observer of the human scene.

A TOPOSCOPE IN THE CHARNWOOD FOREST: Sir Robert Martin, right, chairman of the Leicestershire County Council for the last twenty-seven years, addresses a gathering at the unveiling of a toposcope on the height known as Old John, in Bradgate Park. This guide for visitors to the Charnwood Forest was provided by the adjoining village of Newtown Linford from the proceeds of a pageant.

There is a school or coterie, or perhaps group is a better word, of writers in the United States, highly sophisticated, vital, more often than not outrageous, who owe nothing to the classic traditions of their literature; nothing to Hemingway, Faulkner and the rest, and still less to the brittle brilliances of the *New Yorker*. Among them is Mr. Gore Vidal, and it is not for nothing that his new novel, MESSIAH (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is dedicated to Mr. Tennessee Williams. In the United States, and in California in particular, there flourish many strange and fancy religions. In this novel Mr. Gore Vidal takes one such and examines it with a particularly sharp, satirical pen. He does more: he envelops the whole of the American way of life with it and even upsets their sacrosanct Constitution. The result is an Orwellesque nightmare, but without Orwell's prophetic sense.

THE SHIRALEE (Angus and Robertson. 10s. 6d.) is a novel of Australia by an Australian, Mr. D'Arcy Niland, and it is as evocative of the sun-scorched, barren outback, the small towns and the stations, and the squalor of the Sydney slums as anything I have read. The shiralee is another word for the swag, or burden that a swagman (a tramp in Australian), carries with him. In the case of the hero of this book the shiralee happens to be his four-year-old daughter, and she walks with him, is carried by him and roughly looked after by him through all the miles of his pointless pilgrimage. In action and in language this book is tough; in implication it has a real nobility.

Toughness again, with Garet Rogers' novel PRISONER IN PARADISE (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), which is an extremely long story about a man who makes an immensely successful business out of health cranks and is the admiration of all the other charlatans in the country. It is brusquely yet melodramatically told in the American idiom, and affected me less as a human drama than as a Horrible Warning.

THE DRAGON'S MOUTH (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a novel with the original setting of a Chinese Communist commander's headquarters in Shanghai, and it is tautly constructed and well written by Mr. La Selle Gilman who has himself had the experience of Pacific campaigns, and Far Eastern activities. I found it quite exciting, and liked the author's impressions of very real Chinese people.

The oddest thing to me about A GERMAN OFFICER (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is that it should have been written by a French novelist. M. Serge Groussard has written of his subject, a regular army officer of middle-class Saxon family, with great sensibility. He has fought courageously in the Second World War, and has suffered the loss of an arm. At the end of the war he finds himself hungry and homeless. In the course of a de-Nazification trial, he is accused of having had five villagers hanged without trial. After a nominal sentence he is released, rejoins his family and attempts to make some kind of a living, till the arrival of a Polish soldier, and the fated end of his own life. Altogether, a grim story but one which, nevertheless, demonstrates the virtues of faith, of repentance and, on the part of the writer, of a very fine feeling for words.

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERS

A Survey of Climbing Through the Past 100 Years

British interest in mountaineering has increased steadily in the past hundred years, and with the founding of the Alpine Club in 1857, the new sport began to take on a semi-official sanction. From that time climbers began to go ever further afield seeking fresh peaks to conquer. In 1955, with Everest, Kangchenjunga, and many other Himalayan giants scaled, it seems certain that here is no diminishing field of activity. In his HISTORY OF BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING (Batsford. 25s.), R. L. G. Irving, a veteran climber and an able writer, traces the path of British endeavour not only amid the high places on the roof of the world, the Himalayas, where the great reputations have been won, but on the little peaks of Britain, the larger peaks of Europe, and some of the giants of the Andes and the North American continent.

In a final chapter really concerned with the problem of why men do these things, Mr. Irving writes convincingly of the absolute values of mountaineering. One day he avers we must reach the top of the technical staircase, when we shall know almost all there is to know about techniques in climbing, but this will not prevent men from seeking to know the mountains and from absorbing in those remote places things that are outside themselves. Mr. Irving puts his points briefly and with much good sense. His really excellent volume helps to bring the aims of the mountaineer into real perspective at a time when mere record-breaking is markedly over-emphasised in the public mind.

Top-level talks at Geneva to reduce international tension have once again focused particular attention upon Germany, a sovereign State to be reckoned with in world affairs. In BACK INTO POWER (Max Parrish. 18s. 6d.), Alistair Horne describes the resurgence of post-war Germany, and gives an intimate glimpse of the remarkable figure who has been the chief architect of the new edifice, the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer. Dr. Adenauer did not make his debut in national politics until he was in his seventies, and until he was past seventy-five he had never been out of Germany.

Most of his active life he had spent up till then in the administration of Cologne, of which city he became Oberburgermeister in 1917. But he has seized his great opportunities with skill and resourcefulness and an energy seemingly inexhaustible. *Back Into Power* is a most excellent survey of a country elevated by the irony of history to a key position, and all this within a decade of cataclysmic defeat.

Railway books are legion and they are, as a rule, much of a muchness, but here is a book both for one-track enthusiasts and for the general reader, written with wit and packed with colourful descriptions. In THE END OF THE LINE (Cleaver-Hume. 25s.), Bryan Morgan has sought out some of the 200 narrow-gauge lines from Calais to the Austrian Alps and from Elsinore to Orvieto. Mr. Morgan is not particularly concerned with the mechanics of railways, but rather with their spirit and atmosphere. Whether he is describing the long, lonely electrified line across the Camargue, or the little lost line meandering across the wild watershed of the Lozère, or the S. Remy-Tarascon train gaily prancing through Provence, we find him an enthusiastic and indefatigable guide.

Tens of thousands of motorists are travelling southwards this summer along the roads of France to the sunlit coasts of the Riviera. Some are bent on devouring the miles, impatient for the sun and the sea. A few, a very few, are content to make a leisurely journey and ponder on the beauties of rural France. To these more leisurely folk in particular, Mr. Eric Whelpton makes his appeal in his new travel book, THE ROAD TO NICE (Robert Hale. 18s.). This is an excellent companion for the motorist. It offers a fairly wide choice of roads, in addition to the familiar routes through Melun, Nevers and Le Puy, and Lyons, Vienne and Avignon. One could wish perhaps that Mr. Whelpton had not avoided the Central Massif and the rugged western route through Tours, Limoges, Rodez, Espalion and Florac, and had taken the traveller through the heart of the Cevennes, where Robert Louis Stevenson travelled so modestly with Modestine, his ageing donkey. Mr. Whelpton has chosen some excellent pictures to accompany the text of his most timely book.

Two volumes of special interest to the student of ethnology, but written in popular vein, are Peter Fuchs' THE LAND OF VEILED MEN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) and Matthew Smedts' NO TOBACCO NO HALLELUJAH (William Kimber. 18s.). The former is a lively account of life among the Tuaregs of North Africa by an author who overcame much local hostility in winning the confidence of a primitive people. In the second volume, Mr. Smedts tells of his Christian mission among the Capaukoos, one of the most bizarre tribes among the Stone Age communities of New Guinea. His no less bizarre title stems from the simple refusal of the natives to attend Divine Service when the inducement (an issue of cigarettes) was temporarily withdrawn. The Capaukoos, it seems, are first and foremost great realists.

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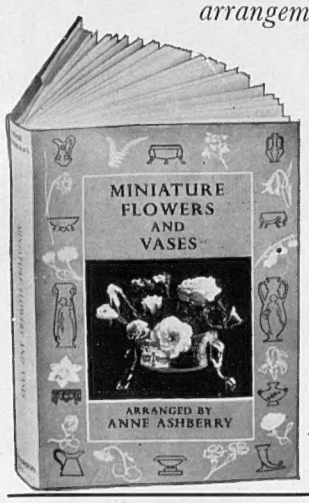

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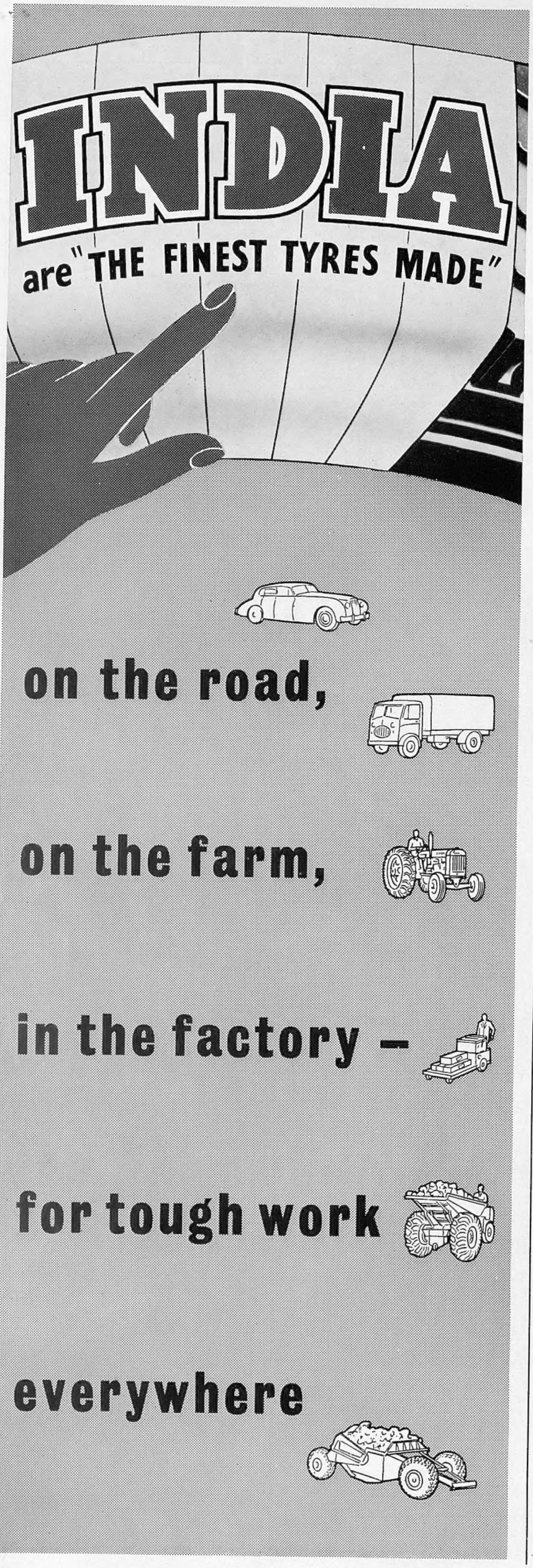

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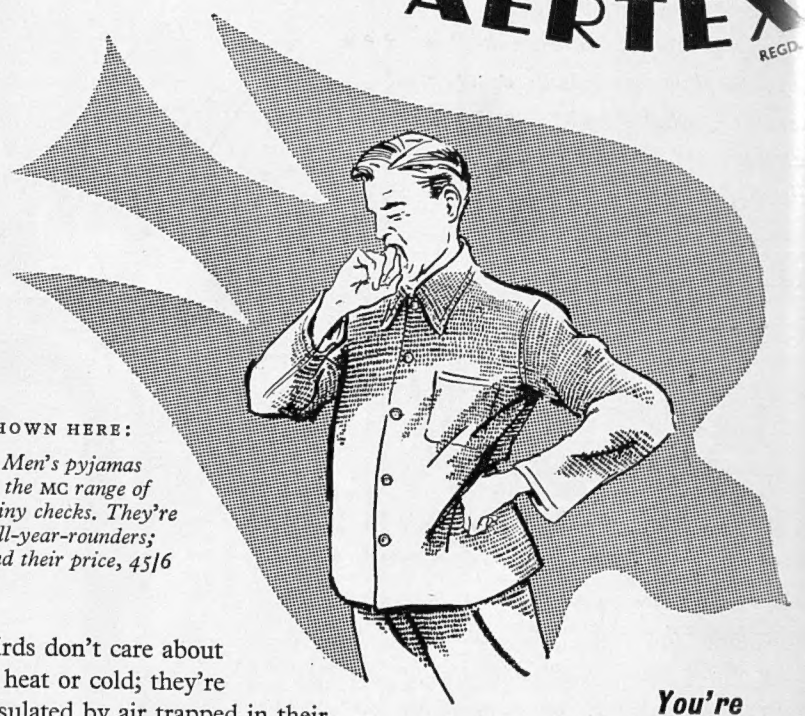

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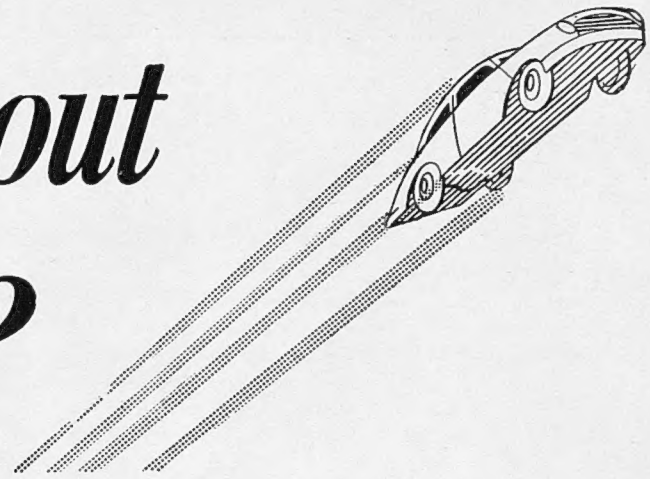

Q. To begin with, why the name 'Aromatic'? What has smell got to do with it?

A. *The name was applied originally in the 19th century to hydrocarbons of a certain type which, chemists discovered, were produced from sweet-smelling balsam and spices. It is now used to denote a particular family of hydrocarbons.*

* * *

Q. You said something about hydrocarbons. What are they?

A. *That's the chemist's name for thousands of substances—solid, liquid or gas—which consist of hydrogen and carbon in varying proportions. The crude oil from which motor-spirit is distilled consists of almost nothing but hydrocarbons—grouped by the chemist into 'families' such as naphthenes, paraffines, olefines and aromatics.*

* * *

Q. Very interesting to chemists, no doubt, but what on earth has it got to do with me?

A. *We thought you'd like to know just why the new National Benzole Mixture is so good!*

* * *

Q. Well, go on—why is it so good?

A. *Because these aromatics are largely responsible for all the qualities that these days are really needed in a modern motor-spirit—such as high anti-knock value, smooth running, better mileage and better starting.*

* * *

Q. Why?

A. *That is one of the facts of life, like why grass is green.*

* * *

Q. Do all motor-spirits contain aromatics?

A. *Nearly all contain a little: and a great deal of time, ingenuity and money is being spent on trying to produce more of them.*

* * *

Q. How can you do that?

A. *In two ways. Firstly, you can build elaborate and costly units such as 'Catalytic Cracking Plants' and 'Platformers' to turn other less useful hydrocarbons into aromatics. This is primarily what all the latest refineries are built to do.*

* * *

Q. I'll take your word for that—what about the other way?

A. *You just take advantage of British produced Benzole (distilled from coal) that consists of* nothing but aromatics. *So you merely add Benzole to petrol, and that automatically does the trick.*

* * *

Q. You mean that National Benzole Mixture has *always* had a lot of aromatics in it?

A. *Certainly—that's why it's so famous for its smooth-running, its easy starting and its better mileage.*

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Q. Will I notice any difference in the performance of my car?

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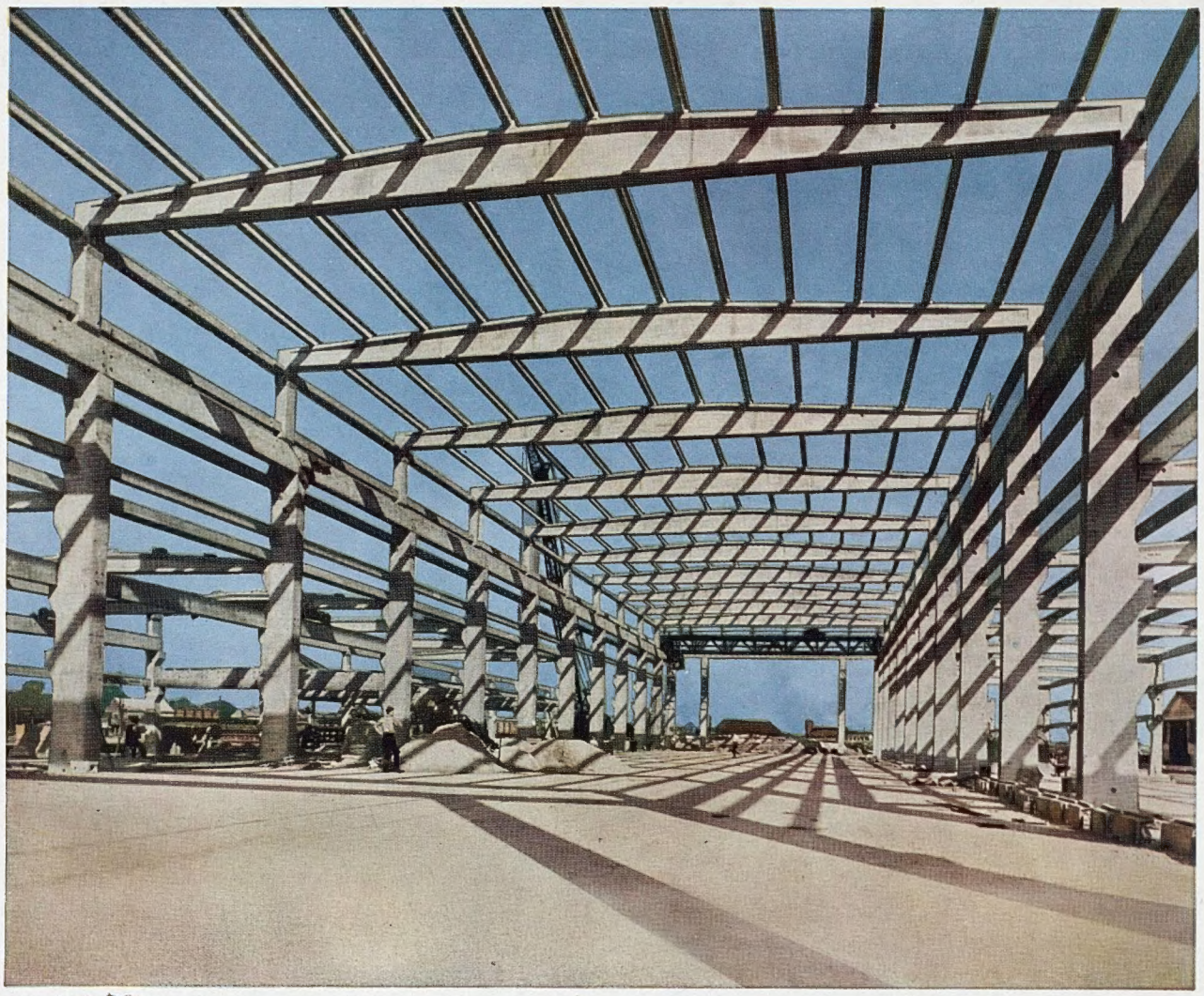

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